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*Small Devotional*  
*Sept 1826*

(Devotional Verses;)

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

*Author of "Poetic Vigils, &c."*



Drawn by W. Fleisher

Engd by J. Hawkesworth

L O N D O N

PUBLISHED BY B. J. HOLDSWORTH, 18, ST PAULS CHURCH 1826





# DEVOTIONAL VERSES;

Founded on, and Illustrative of

SELECT TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

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BY

BERNARD BARTON.

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London :

PRINTED FOR B. J. HOLDSWORTH,  
18, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

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M.DCCC.XXVI.

*LONDON:*

PRINTED BY J. S. HUGHES, 66, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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# INSCRIPTIVE SONNET,

To the Memory

OF

SAMUEL ALEXANDER.



Dear friend, and christian father! unto thee,  
Few months gone by, my grateful thoughts were bent  
These unelaborate verses to present,  
For long, unwearied kindness shown to me :  
But it hath pleased Him, who doth not see  
As mortals do what most with good is blent,  
Such fondly-purpos'd offering to prevent ;  
Let *this*, then, GRATITUDE'S MEMORIAL be!  
No praise of man should mar the opening page  
Of him whose volume treats of themes divine,  
Nor needs thy cherish'd memory praise of mine ;  
Yet may thy bright example prayers engage  
For faith, love, meekness, greenness in old age,  
And every gift of grace so richly thine.

B. B.

836316



## P R E F A C E.



IT was at one time the Author's intention to have published the following Devotional Verses without any prefatory Address: his choice of *plan* and *subjects* appeared to himself so plain and unpretending, that it seemed scarcely necessary to deprecate for his little volume the criticism, that a more elaborate performance might naturally be expected to elicit, but which a manual, so unassuming as the present, might, he hoped, quietly escape. It has, however, been suggested to him, that

his choice itself, both of plan and subjects, requires some prefatory explanation, if not apology; and that, as both may differ widely from those anticipated by some readers, he is bound to state, briefly, what his aim and object have been.

The Author is far from denying, that a volume, bearing the title of “Devotional Verses, founded on Select Passages of Scripture,” may excite expectations which the following pages are little adapted to realize. In the many affecting and striking incidents recorded in holy writ; in the numerous glimpses afforded in its earlier pages of pastoral and patriarchal life; in the imposing pictures so graphically painted in its historical parts, of events as sublime as marvellous; in the gorgeous splendours of the Jewish ritual; as well as in the simple, touching beauty of the narrative

portion of the New Testament : in each, and all of these, he readily concedes, might be found themes, inexhaustible, for poetry of the very highest order ;—poetry, the composition of which might require the full stretch of talents, to which he assuredly prefers no claim. Let this, then, be his apology to those whose *taste* may lead them to think lightly of his plan, or condemn, as dull and prosaic, many of his subjects ;—that he has not been governed in his choice or selection by any insensibility or indifference to what may have appeared more captivating to them in the Inspired Volume ; but that he has chosen what may seem a less attractive line, partly from a distrust of his own abilities for a more imposing one, but chiefly because his primary object has not been *poetic effect*, but the expression and inculcation of what has appeared to him SCRIPTURAL TRUTH.

Yet, while the Author would deeply regret, that any truly religious reader should be disappointed in the contents of his little volume, he would be still more sorry so to explain, or apologize for its scope and tendency as one ashamed of his choice, or regretful for his decision. If the knowledge of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent, be, indeed, life eternal; he may surely esteem it no reproach that one of his chief aims, in his selection of passages from the Old Testament, has been the devotional illustration of such as appeared to him to harmonize with the New, by reference or allusion to the gracious and glorious scheme of man's redemption by and through a crucified Saviour. Should he, in his desire to inculcate, enforce, and magnify this sublime and consoling truth, even to iteration, have been somewhat negligent of minor points; inattentive



to adventitious graces; careless of the seeming vantage ground afforded by circumstance, or scenery; he trusts, that such of his readers as may vitally feel the all-absorbing importance of this fundamental doctrine, will forgive what he has *not done*, for the sake of what he has been *desirous of doing*; so far, at least, as his humble means and limited opportunities have enabled him.

In the Author's view, indeed, the very title he has assumed for these little pieces, ought, in common candour, to exonerate him from the imputation of lofty pretence: he has entitled them *devotional*, because such, he hopes, their spirit and tendency will be found and felt; but the expression of devotional feeling is by no means necessarily *descriptive*, nor is its strongest appeal, either to the outward sense, the fancy, or the imagination; but, through the

Spirit, to spiritually awakened and spiritually enlightened hearts. Where his language may be unintelligible to these, the Author must regret his own darkness and deficiency; where such can fully appreciate and approve his meaning, he wishes no higher praise. Nor has he even ventured to designate his brief and simple records of thought and feeling by the name of poetry, but has preferred claiming for them the less aspiring appellative of Verses, as more appropriate, not only to what they are, but to what he wishes them to be. At the risque of rendering his pages less attractive to lighter readers, than even *his* modicum of poetic talent might, perhaps, have made them, the Author has endeavoured studiously to avoid all needless ornament, and has been solicitous to “use great plainness of speech;” he has done this, not only in accordance with his own taste in devotional verse,

but in compliance with, and reference to, a far more imperative principle,—that of duty. Whether his sense of duty, in this respect, may have been correct, or erroneous, it becomes not him to determine; but, in his view, neither the expression nor the inculcation of genuine devotional feeling is likely to be rendered at all more effective by the most elaborate and recondite efforts of poetic art. It constituted the very climax of Cowper's panegyric on his "Christian Veteran," that he was, on his favourite theme,

"Ambitious, not *to shine*, or *to excel*,  
But to treat justly what he lov'd so well."

Though the Author has thought it due to his readers, and not less to himself, thus to enter at some length into an exposition of his views and object, he candidly owns, that the gratification of the mere lover of poetry in the

abstract, has been a very subordinate aim and end with him in the composition of the following pages ; nor is he much more sanguine in his hopes of interesting those, whose admiration of the Sacred Volume is rather matter of critical taste, than founded on a more grateful and spiritual appreciation. By those, and those alone, who read the Scriptures with a devotional spirit, and for devotional ends, can the Author wish that his feeble efforts, in the following pages, should be regarded as worthy attention ; and for them, only, has he written : if any of the sentiments contained in these Devotional Verses may, through the divine blessing, be rendered in the slightest degree helpful to such, the Author will not have written in vain ; if in their view he should have “ darkened counsel by words without knowledge,”—no praise of others could compensate for their censure.

It only remains for the Author to conclude; and he does so in the words of Quarles,—as expressing forcibly, though quaintly, his own sentiments: — “A  
“sober vein best suits Theology; if,  
“therefore, thou expectest such elegance as takes the times, affect some  
“subject as will bear it. Had I laboured  
“with over-abundance of fictions or  
“flourishes, perhaps they had exposed  
“me censurable, and disprized this  
“sacred subject: therefore I rest more  
“sparing in that kind. Reader! be  
“more than my hasty pen styles thee.  
“Read me with advice, and thereafter  
“judge me, and in that judgment censure me. If I jangle, think my intent  
“thereby is to toll better ringers in.  
“Farewell!”



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# DEVOTIONAL VERSES.

---

## CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

---

“In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void ; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light : and there was light.”—Genesis, i. 1, 2, 3.

---

How wond'rous must have been  
The thought-o'erwhelming scene,  
When God his own creative might display'd;  
Might gloriously employ'd,  
Which from the formless void  
Call'd countless systems, saw its call obey'd.

His might is still the same ;  
 And those who through the name  
 Of the incarnate Saviour are set free  
 From the dread yoke of sin,  
 Are witnesses within  
 Of power as great as angels then could be.

These, in the waken'd mind,  
 A faithful emblem find  
 Of that dark chaos whence creation rose :  
 Conscience has rous'd from sleep,  
 But darkness veils the deep ;  
 Redeeming Love its aid must interpose.

“ Let there be light ! ” is heard,  
 And with that heavenly word  
 Light, life, and power break in upon the soul ;  
 Light—life—for death and gloom,  
 And power to know in whom,  
 Alone, the impotent are render'd whole.

A Saviour they embrace ;  
 By his redeeming grace  
 With strength from Him their spirits are supplied ;  
 In his atoning love  
 Creative power they prove,  
 And bow in spirit to THE CRUCIFIED !

## THE PROMISE.

---

“And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed, and her seed ; it shall break thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.”—Genesis, iii. 15.

---

REJOICE ! ye ransom'd saints,  
 The promise still endures ;  
 Though feeble nature faints,  
 The victory is yours.

But not by *you* obtain'd,—  
 Then hopeless were your trust,  
 For you, in conflict pain'd,  
 Know well that man is dust.

Yet though the serpent's power  
 May still at times appal,  
 As in the fearful hour  
 Of Adam's primal fall ;—

By you be still refus'd  
 Each bait by Satan spread,  
 The woman's seed hath bruis'd  
 The serpent's crested head.

Your help is from afar,  
 Your strength is from above,  
 Your spirit's guiding star  
 A Saviour's power and love.

Though heirs to Adam's guilt,  
 Though you his fall have known,  
 The blood by Jesus spilt  
 May render you his own.



### THE RAINBOW.



"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."—Genesis, ix. 13, 14.



STILL in the dark and threat'ning cloud  
 That bow is brightly plac'd above;  
 Nor should despondency enshroud  
 The token of eternal love.



More bright, more beauteous are its beams,  
Contrasted with surrounding gloom,  
Thus heavenly mercy ever seems  
Most lovely in impending doom.

A cloudless heaven, to joy's glad gaze,  
May be with richer glory fraught;  
While sorrow's eye its arch surveys  
Without one fond congenial thought.

But when dark clouds obscure the sky  
That bow of promise still is fair,  
Cheering the mourner's heaven-ward eye,  
Teaching his heart that God is there.

# ABRAM CALLED.

---

“Now the Lord said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will show thee.”—Genesis, xii. 1.

---

“GET thee out, and leave behind  
All the ties that kindred bind ;  
From thy home and country go  
To a land that I will show.”

Such the call the faithful heard ;  
Flesh and blood had long demurr’d,  
Fear’d, and doubted, and delay’d,  
Disbeliev’d—and disobey’d.

Abram heard, believing God !  
Duty’s onward path he trod ;  
Trusting Him whose word could bless,  
Won the meed of faithfulness.

Christian pilgrim, Zion-ward,  
 True disciple of thy Lord,  
 May his Spirit to thy heart  
 Kindred faithfulness impart.

Thou hast heard a voice within ;  
 Let that voice attention win ;  
 Doubt not, fear not, self abhorr'd,  
 Follow on to know the Lord.

At his bidding sacrifice  
 More than country's, kindred's ties ;  
 These may still be spared to thee,  
 Let thy heart thy Master's be.

Daily, hourly, labour there,  
 Waiting, watching unto prayer ;  
 Wait to know thy Master's will,  
 Watch and pray to do it still.

Then thy calling shall be sure,  
 Thy election made secure,  
 And the meed by Abram won  
 Thine through his Immortal Son.

## THE WILL ACCEPTED FOR THE DEED.

---

“And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son. And he said, Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?”—  
Genesis, xxi. 7.

---

BRIEF colloquy, yet more sublime,  
 To every feeling heart,  
 Than all the boast of classic time,  
 Or Drama's proudest art:  
 Far, far beyond the Grecian stage,  
 Or Poesy's most glowing page.

But He whose ever watchful eye  
 Discerns the heart's intent,  
 Saw every pang, mark'd every sigh  
 Which Abraham's bosom rent,  
 And, when his servant's faith was tried,  
 An offering for himself supplied.

His mercy, and his tender love  
 Remain unalter'd still,  
 As prompt to recompence as prove  
 Obedience to his will;  
 And where true faithfulness is shown  
 To own it for itself alone.

## JACOB'S DREAM.

---

“And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.”—Genesis, xxviii. 12.

---

WHY are such splendid glimpses given no more,  
 Such dreams by night, such visitants by day,  
 As blest the patriarchs and the seers of yore,  
 Cheering the pilgrim on his heaven-ward way!

Oh! were our eye anointed and unseal'd  
 The wonders of redeeming grace to view,  
 Our mental vision would behold reveal'd  
 Glories beyond what seers or patriarchs knew.

What though bright glimpses of angelic things  
 At times might grace the old world's early prime,  
 Not then had risen, with healing on its wings,  
 The Sun of Righteousness in light sublime.

Our day and dispensation would make known  
 Visions as glorious, truths sublimer far,  
 And hope would render them through faith our own,  
 Did not our worldliness devotion mar.

Surpassing all the holy patriarch dream'd  
 Of steps of light by hosts angelic trod,  
 Would be the beauty of a heart redeem'd,  
 A heart the temple of the living God.

To such the house of God, the gate of heaven,  
 Is limited to no peculiar spot,  
 At Bethel, or at Marah proof is given  
 Their Lord is with them when they know it not.

---

#### JACOB WRESTLING.

---

"And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—  
 Genesis, xxxii. 26.

---

LET me go, thy hope is vain,  
 Day around us breaketh;  
 Worn with weariness and pain,  
 Strength thy frame forsaketh.

No, the patriarch answer'd, No!  
 Think not thus to press me,  
 I will never let thee go  
 'Till thou deign to bless me.

Noble words, heroic vow,  
 Worthy imitation;  
 Meet to waken, even now  
 Holy emulation.

Seed of Jacob ! you who share  
 Aught of Israel's spirit,  
 Wrestle thus, in fervent prayer,  
 Blessing to inherit.

Prayer, surpassing human might,  
 Prayer, Heaven's holy portress,  
 Prayer, the saint's supreme delight,  
 Prayer, the sinner's fortress.

Prayer and faith can hope impart,  
 Hope beyond expressing,  
 And call down upon the heart  
 Israel's richest blessing.

## SHILOH FORETOLD.

---

“The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come ; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be.”—Genesis, xlix. 10.

---

’Twas thus, with clear prophetic eye  
 The dying patriarch from afar  
 Beheld in Bethlehem’s cloudless sky  
 The rising of the eastern star.

That Star has risen ; its light has shone  
 From Calvary’s consecrated hill,  
 Eternal God ! thy power alone  
 Its promis’d glory can fulfil.

Thou gatherest, none can scatter wide ;  
 Thou scatterest, from thy fold we stray ;  
 Thy Spirit to that fold must guide,  
 Thy Son the Light, the Life, the Way !

The kingly sceptre, regal crown  
 From Judah’s outward tribe have past.  
 Each relique of his old renown  
 Low at Immanuel’s footstool cast.



From ancient Israel's race and name  
 Their early honours far have flown ;  
 Lord ! magnify thy Shiloh's name,  
 O Father ! glorify thine own.

Till through thy grace from shore to shore  
 Thy kingdom spread,—from sea to sea ;—  
 And to thy Son for evermore  
 The gathering of the people be.



#### THE INFANT MOSES FOUND.



“ And when she had opened it (the ark) she saw the child : and behold the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children.”—Exodus, ii. 6.



VAIN the fond attempt of man  
 God's supreme decrees to scan,  
 Or estimate his ways ;  
 What now is we darkly see,  
 But what shall hereafter be  
 Mocks our feeble gaze.

Levi's daughter scarce could think,  
 When beside the river's brink  
     O'er the ark she mourn'd,  
 How that child in manhood's hour  
 Should with more than kingly power  
     Be honour'd and adorn'd.

Pharaoh's daughter little knew,  
 When, relenting at the view,  
     She interfer'd to save,  
 He whose sorrows thus could plead  
 Egypt's glory soon would lead  
     To ocean's yawning grave.

God ! to thine omniscient eye  
 Things to come, and things gone by  
     Are as present shown ;  
 In their origin, and end,  
 All unto thy glory tend,  
     And make thy goodness known.

Teach us, then, in Thee to trust,  
 Wise and mighty, good and just ;  
     That living faith bestow  
 Which, in moments dark or bright,  
 Knows that all thou dost is right,  
     And seeks no more to know.

## THE HOLINESS OF THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

---

“And he said, Draw not nigh hither : put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”—Exodus, iii. 5.

---

FEARFUL in holiness wert Thou,  
 O God ! on Horeb's height ;  
 Well might thy servant Moses bow,  
 And worship at the sight.

Well might he, at such high behest,  
 With feet unshod draw nigh,  
 When thus thy presence was confest  
 In awful majesty.

And what thou wast on Horeb's brow,  
 Or Sinai's cloud-capt hill,  
 Thou yet remain'st :—thy presence now  
 O God ! is holy still.

Though not to outward sense reveal'd.  
 As then to Moses shown,  
 Nor now in human guise conceal'd  
 As once on Calvary known :—

Yet through the Spirit of thy Son,  
 The influence of thy grace,  
 Thou art not far from every one  
 Who seeks to know thy face.

Thy gospel light hath shown us where  
 Thy temple, Lord, should be ;  
 Grant us to feel thy presence there,  
 To feel, and worship thee.

To bow before thee in the heart  
 With love and awe profound,  
 As knowing where-soe'er *Thou art*,  
 We stand on holy ground.



#### ISRAEL HUMBLD YET HOPEFUL.

---

“ And the people believed : and when they heard that the Lord had visited the children of Israel, and that he had looked upon their affliction, then they bowed their heads and worshipped.”—Exodus, iv. 31.

---

ISRAEL, *humbled*, could *believe*,  
 Moses' message could receive ;  
 Faith was given to feel that God  
 Look'd upon the path they trod ;

Saw their sorrows, heard their sighs,  
 Would for their deliv'rance rise :  
 Then to Him, whose arm could free,  
 Bow'd each head, and bent each knee.

Oh ! that Christians oft'ner knew  
 What humility can do ;  
 That they truly saw and felt  
 How affliction hearts should melt ;  
 They, like Israel's sons, would know  
 Heavenly faith in earthly woe,  
 Strength in weakness, joy in grief,  
 Humble hope in pure belief.

'Tis the humble God protects,  
 'Tis the meek his light directs,  
 'Tis the mourner sings his song,  
 'Tis the weak he renders strong,  
 'Tis the simple who are taught  
 Wisdom passing human thought :—  
 Lowly, mourning, simple, weak—  
 These his glorious praises speak.

## THE TYPE OF THE ATONEMENT.

---

“For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians, and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses to smite you.”—Exodus, xii. 23.

---

HORROR was in the cry!  
 Tears were in many an eye,  
 And fearful anguish breath'd a fruitless prayer,  
 When, at the dead of night,  
 The stern destroyer's flight  
 Where danger seem'd not scatter'd wild despair.

But where the sprinkled blood  
 A pledge of safety stood,  
 The messenger of wrath pass'd harmless o'er;  
 In quietness they slept,  
 Or holy vigils kept,  
 Clos'd until morning every guarded door.

If Israel's sons delight  
 To celebrate a rite  
 To which their faithful memory fondly clings,  
 Should not the Christian too  
 Herein an emblem view  
 Of blood more holy, speaking better things !

O Thou ! who on the tree,  
 Our souls from death to free,  
 Thy cleansing and atoning blood outpour'd,  
 Incline our hearts to prize  
 Thy pure self-sacrifice,  
 And be our Paschal Lamb ! Redeeming Lord !



#### DELIVERANCE IN DANGER.

---

“ Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.”—  
 Exodus, xiv. 13.

---

A BILLOWY deep before,  
 The tyrant's host behind them ;  
 Could Israel but deplore  
 The seeming doom assign'd them ?

Yet brief was their command  
In hour of tribulation,  
Fear not ! In silence stand,  
And see your Lord's salvation.

They stood, and straightway saw  
The deeps for them divided,  
And follow'd on with awe  
The cloud which safely guided.

They stood, and saw the foe,  
With tumult and commotion,  
Whelm'd in the depths below,  
And buried in the ocean.

Tried follower of the Lamb,  
In hour of dark temptation,  
Trust in the dread I AM,  
Wait for thy Lord's salvation.

Stand still ! and thou shalt see,  
As faith thine eye uncloses,  
An Arm outstretch'd for thee  
Stronger than that of Moses.



## THE DIVINE SUPREMACY.

---

“Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?”—  
Exodus, xv. 11.

---

Who is like to thee, O Lord!  
 Among gods by man adored?  
 Who like thee can save and bless,  
 Glorious still in holiness?

Fearful yet in praises found,  
 Doing wonders all around,  
 Gods that have been, or shall be,  
 Never can be named with Thee.

Thou alone for ever ART!  
 Thou alone discern'st the heart;  
 Thou alone the thoughts<sup>o</sup> dost try,  
 Thou alone canst grace supply.

In thy providence we see  
 Daily, hourly marks of Thee;  
 All that charms our sense or sight  
 Owns thy rule, and pleads thy right.

Thou, at time's far distant birth,  
 Formed'st heaven, created'st earth,  
 Gav'st the sun the day to guide,  
 Bad'st the moon o'er night preside.

But thy richest crown we trace  
 In the myst'ries of thy grace;  
 In redemption's matchless scheme  
 Own thy love, thy power SUPREME!

There thou risest to our view  
 As our God and Saviour too;  
 There we hear thy Spirit's call;  
 There we find Thee all in all.



#### THE HEALING OF MARAH'S WATERS.



"And the Lord showed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet."—Exodus, xv. 25.



MARAH! whate'er the tree might be  
 Which made thy bitter waters sweet,  
 The Christian in its power may see  
 Of power divine an emblem meet.

Full many a cup from which the lip  
 Draws back as from a poison'd bowl,  
 Through love's sublime disciple-ship  
 Is render'd grateful to the soul.

The world's distaste, pride's heartless scorn,  
 A toilsome life, perchance a grave,  
 Are things as loveless and forlorn  
 As ever was thy bitterest wave.

But these, endured for Jesu's sake,  
 Are render'd through his love divine  
 A cup 'tis pleasure to partake,  
 Chang'd by his power like Cana's wine.

The tree which Marah's waters heal'd,  
 Which sweetness gave, or could restore,  
 Is of his cross a type reveal'd,  
 Which he who bears repines no more.

Oh! may this love in us abound,  
 Guide to our Elim's happy shore,  
 Where wells for every tribe are found,  
 By living palm trees shadow'd o'er.

## THE OUTWARD AND THE SPIRITUAL MANNA.

---

“He that had gathered much had nothing over, and he that had gathered little had no lack ; they gathered every man according to his eating.”—Exodus, xvi. 18.

---

THUS was it with the manna spread  
 For Israel every even ;  
 Thus is it with the Christian's bread,  
 His living bread from heaven.

They who went forth at morn to find  
 That outward food of yore,  
 Beyond the portion God assign'd  
 Could heap no added store.

Though worldly prudence might suggest  
 The morrow's wants were nigh,  
 Experience soon this truth imprest  
 God only could supply !

Hence was dependance daily learn'd  
 On his paternal care,  
 And still a heaven-ward eye upturn'd  
 To him in faith and prayer.

O thou ! whom Christ has taught to pray  
 To him for manna now,  
 In secret each returning day  
 Before his footstool bow.

He is himself that living Bread,  
 Descended from on high,  
 On which the spirit that is fed  
 Shall never, never die.

To Him in truth and spirit seek,  
 Who day by day must give  
 That food which nourishes the weak,  
 And bids the simple live.

Be less or more to Him resign'd  
 Who hears and answers prayer,  
 In whom the poorest riches find,  
 The richest—none to spare.

# SINAI AND CALVARY.

---

“And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire; and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.”—  
Exodus, xix. 18.

---

WHAT hope and fear, with hush'd delight  
In Israel's sons were blended,  
When on Mount Sinai's cloud-veil'd height,  
Thy presence, Lord, descended.

When light'nings rent that awful veil  
At intervals asunder,  
And, turning e'en the boldest pale,  
Thy voice out-spake the thunder.

If thus sublimely was reveal'd  
*The Law's* first promulgation,  
If thus to sight and sense appeal'd  
That earlier dispensation :—

Yet more of glory is descried  
On Calvary's holier mountain,  
Where from Immanuel's wounded side  
Sprang forth Atonement's fountain.

Though all around Mount Sinai bow'd,  
 And own'd thy presence glorious,  
 While scorn at Calvary was proud,  
 And cruelty victorious.

Yet far beyond that earlier scene  
 Of thunder, smoke, and light'ning,  
 The Saviour's countenance serene,  
 With love and mercy bright'ning.

And though sublime that trumpet's peal,  
 What bosom would not rather  
 The import of those accents feel  
 Which said, "FORGIVE THEM—FATHER!"



#### THE ALTAR'S SIMPLICITY.



"And if thou wilt make me an altar of stone, thou shalt not build it of hewn stone: for if thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it."—Exodus, xx. 25.



LORD! may the precept still impart  
 Its import to the Christian's heart,  
 And teach us, as we look to Thee,  
 Thy worship's true simplicity.

If thus, 'mid ancient forms, the aid  
 Of human art thy word forbade,  
 Choosing for altar of thine own  
 Unhewn, and unpolluted stone :—

By more than emblematic speech  
 Thy Spirit *now* this truth would teach  
 Altars of flesh, like those of stone,  
 Must be prepar'd by Thee alone.

If now to Thee we build no more  
 An outward shrine as heretofore,  
 That in the heart, if truly thine,  
 Must yet be rear'd by power divine.

The meddling touch of human will  
 Would make that shrine polluted still ;  
 The utmost stretch of human powers  
 Would leave the fabric only *ours*.

*Thine* it should be ;—in mercy deign  
 To build—what we but build in vain,  
 And when the work by Thee is done  
 Accept its incense through thy Son.



# WAITING FOR DIVINE GUIDANCE.

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“And when the cloud was taken up from the tabernacle, then after that the children of Israel journeyed : and in the place where the cloud abode, there the children of Israel pitched their tents.”—Numbers, ix. 19.

---

How beautiful the lessons taught  
By Israel's journeyings still appear ;  
With what divine instruction fraught,  
For christian pilgrims to revere.

And many a law whose influence sway'd  
The earlier chosen of the Lord,  
Divinely understood, may aid  
Our holy progress Zion-ward.

Have we no ark in this our day ?  
Are tent and tabernacle gone ?  
No cloud to tell us when to stay ?  
No radiant light to lead us on ?

What if those outward signs are fled,  
Their hidden meaning long shall last,  
And souls, by Christ their Captain led,  
Learn present wisdom from the past.

Such when the cloud has veil'd from sight  
 Their ark within, awhile must rest,  
 And wait the dawning of that Light  
 Whose guidance heretofore has blest.

But when the fire with brightness burns,  
 And when the shadowy cloud is gone,  
 These, as the light of grace returns,  
 In hope and gladness journey on.



#### THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

---

“And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it shall live.”—Numbers, xxi. 8.

---

TYPE of that holier tree,  
 Whereon the Son of God for sinners died,  
 The wounded gaz'd on thee,  
 With fearful hope thy brazen serpent eyed.

Hadst thou such healing power  
 On those who look'd to thee for aid divine,  
 Unless, in that dread hour,  
 Their inward faith confirm'd thy outward sign?

Or will His death suffice,  
 Who died upon the cross that we might live,  
 If faith, the pearl of price,  
 His grace vouchsafe not unto us to give.

But with that peerless boon  
 The cross of Christ as far exceeds thy power,  
 As does the blaze of noon  
 The shadowy splendours of the twilight hour.

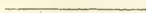
For thine could do no more  
 Than make the impotent in body whole;  
 But His can yet restore  
 Light, life, and joy to the immortal soul.



#### TURNING IN TRIBULATION.



“When thou art in tribulation, and all these things are come upon thee, even in the latter days, if thou turn to the Lord thy God, and shall be obedient unto his voice; he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee.”—Deuteronomy, iv. 30, 31.



WAKEN'D sinner, whelm'd in grief,  
 Seeking, praying for relief,  
 Hear the promise of thy God,  
 Bow beneath his chast'ning rod.

Have his judgments fallen on thee ?  
 Thou may'st yet his mercy see :—  
 Hast thou fallen on “latter days ?”  
 In them thou may'st sing his praise.

Only turn thee to the Lord,  
 Every former sin abhorr'd,  
 Be obedient to his voice,  
 Then in him thou shalt rejoice.

Not by sorrow of thine own  
 Canst thou for the past *atone* ;  
 Nor by strength of human will  
 Canst thou God's commands fulfil.

By his “WELL-BELOVED SON”  
 That atonement hath been won,  
 And through faith in him, alone,  
 Can that power by thee be known.

Be this living faith thy prayer,  
 Then may'st thou his Spirit share,  
 Know thy sins within thee slain,  
 And in Him be born again.

## THE CURSE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

---

“And thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron.”—Deuteronomy, xxviii. 23.

---

APPALLING doom ! yet hearts there are  
Its fearful truth have found,  
Have known a heaven where sun nor star  
Its radiance sheds around.

A heaven of brass, from whose stern cope  
No living waters well'd,  
Whereon the rainbow, arch of hope,  
The eye hath ne'er beheld.

An earth of iron, whose barren breast  
Seem'd icy cold and dead,  
Where sterile paths, by joy unblest  
In endless maze were spread.

Oh ! such a heaven, and such an earth,  
Are no delusive dream,  
To which wild phantasy gives birth,  
Howe'er the worldling deem.

They who have trod that hopeless path,  
 Beneath that rayless sky,  
 Have known the hour of righteous wrath  
 These metaphors imply.

These know how God's most holy will  
 Can mar creation's face,  
 And leave the disobedient, still,  
 No pleasant resting place.

One only hope for such remains;  
 Repent, return, and live;  
 He who no penitent disdains,  
 New heavens, new earth can give.

Simple obedience shall restore  
 Green fields, and sunny skies;  
 And hearkening to his voice bring more  
 Than Eden's Paradise.



#### THE SPIRITUAL LAW.

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"But the word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart,  
 that thou mayest do it."—Deuteronomy, xxx. 14.

---

Say not The law divine  
 Is hidden from thee, or afar remov'd;  
 That law within would shine,  
 If there its glorious light were sought and lov'd.

Soar not on high,  
 Nor ask who thence shall bring it down to earth ;  
 That vaulted sky  
 Hath no such star, didst thou but know its worth.

Nor launch thy bark  
 In search thereof upon a shoreless sea  
 Which has no ark,  
 No dove to bring this olive-branch to thee.

Then do not roam  
 In search of that which wandering cannot win ;  
 At home ! At home !  
 'That word is plac'd, thy mouth, thy heart within.

Oh ! seek it there,  
 'Turn to its teachings with devoted will ;  
 Watch unto prayer,  
 And in the power of faith this law fulfil.

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#### THE LOST FOUND.

---

“ He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness ; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye.”—Deuteronomy, xxxii. 10.

---

THUS didst thou, Lord, for Israel then,  
 Thus dost thou now for guilty men ;  
 Yet, yet compassionate, and kind,  
 Thy love vouchsafes the lost to find.

What numbers, in this gospel day,  
 Have wander'd widely from thy way,  
 Into the desert's lone distress,  
 Sin's waste and howling wilderness.

But thou hast mark'd their footsteps there,  
 Hast seen their anguish, heard their prayer,  
 Thy mercy aid has interpos'd,  
 Thy hand deliverance has disclos'd.

Thou, in that land of fear and doubt,  
 Hast led the wanderers far about ;  
 Thy grace instructed such to see  
 That help could only come from thee.

Like to the apple of thine eye  
 Thy love has kept them from on high,  
 And from that waste and desert strand  
 Has brought them to the promis'd land.

May these thy mercies ne'er forget,  
 But honour, love, and serve thee yet ;  
 And sing HIS praise by Jordan's wave,  
 Who came *the lost* to seek, and save !



## THE SAINTS' REFUGE.

---

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deuteronomy, xxxiii. 27.

---

ALL language must be faint  
 The blessedness to paint  
 Of those who place their trust, O Lord! in thee;  
 Whose spirits upward soar  
 To Thee, who evermore  
 The refuge of the righteous deign'st to be.

These in the hour of woe,  
 Which all on earth must know,  
 Look up to Thee through thy incarnate Son,  
 And by thy Spirit's grace  
 On Thee reliance place  
 Rememb'ring what thine outstretch'd arm has done.

Thou art their refuge still,  
 In every time of ill,  
 Beneath are thy eternal arms of love;  
 On earth they sing thy praise,  
 And songs more sweet shall raise  
 To Thee and to the Lamb in realms above.

## A PROPHET'S OLD AGE.

---

“And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died : his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.”—Deuteronomy, xxxiv. 7.

---

How lightly o'er thy guarded head  
 The lapse of silent years had sped,  
     How poor the spoils of time,  
 To leave thee thus, in life's last stage,  
 A living greenness in old age  
     So splendid and sublime.

Thy natural vigour unimpair'd,  
 An eye whose lustre still declar'd  
     Age could not dim its ray,  
 How brightly must thy sun have set,  
 Which on the verge of night had yet  
     The radiance of noon-day.

Had age so vigorous and serene  
 E'en in that distant era been  
     A thing regarded not,  
 Not thus had history's page unroll'd  
 Thy triumph o'er decay, and told  
     Thy proud, peculiar lot.

But thus conspicuously was shown  
Vigour and brightness not thy own.

To life's last parting hour,  
That Israel in that wond'rous sign  
Of might more glorious far than thine,  
Should own Jehovah's power.

That we, who sooner reach life's close,  
May in our weakness yet repose  
On his eternal truth,  
Who, if to Him alone we live,  
In age unto the soul can give  
Spring's renovated youth.



#### STONES OF MEMORIAL.

---

“When your children shall ask their fathers, in time to come, saying, What mean these stones? Then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land.”—Joshua, iv. 21, 22.

---

BETWEEN us and that land of rest

To which thy grace, O Lord! would guide,  
Seems interpos'd, in hours deprest,  
A deep, a broad, and billowy tide.

'There waves of conflict loudly roar,  
 Rocks of temptation there are found,  
 The winds of pride sweep fiercely o'er,  
 And fogs of doubt oft hover round.

And many a once triumphant bark,  
 Strew'd on its shore a shapeless mass,  
 Denotes what countless dangers mark  
 The Jordan which the soul must pass.

Yet christian pilgrim, thou to whom  
 That land of promis'd rest is dear,  
 Let not despondency and gloom  
 Excite distrust and chilling fear.

Go on in hope and faith like those  
 Who bore that hallow'd ark on high,  
 At whose approach the waters rose,  
 And wave-less stood—'till they were by!

He who hath call'd thee by his love,  
 Can guard thee safely by his power,  
 By grace can guide thee from above,  
 In peril's and temptation's hour.

His word of promise is as true  
 As when the Jordan backward turn'd,  
 His arm can lead thee safely through  
 The deeper tide by thee discern'd.

Can give thee from its hidden bed  
 Stones of memorial for a sign  
 That souls redeem'd, by Jesus led,  
 May trust in power and love divine.



#### QUIETUDE AND SAFETY.

---

“They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord.”—Judges, v. 11.

---

How blest the quietude of those  
 Deliver'd, Lord! by thee;  
 How safely do their souls repose  
 By love divine set free,  
 Deliver'd from the pow'r of sin,  
 Freed from its galling yoke within.

These drink of that immortal spring  
 Which every thirst supplies,  
 Waiting beside its brink to sing  
 When its blest waters rise,  
 Whose gentle echoes round prolong  
 Its music, and their grateful song.

And never noise of archers' bows  
 Is by those waters heard,  
 Nor by the winged shafts of foes  
 The balmy air is stirr'd;  
 No sound of tumult, or of strife,  
 Is heard beside the spring of life.

But there the ransom'd speak thy praise,  
 Thy righteous acts record,  
 And souls redeem'd glad anthems raise  
 To their redeeming Lord;  
 And far beyond bard's sweetest verse  
 The grateful song their lips rehearse.

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### RUTH'S LOVE.

---

“And they lifted up their voice, and wept again : and Orpah kissed her mother in law ; but Ruth clave to her.”—Ruth, i. 14.

---

THOUGH prouder names than thine may live  
 In history's richly blazon'd page,  
 Adorn'd with all that fame can give  
 To win the eye from age to age :

Yet by no sweeter, purer fame  
 Hath joy been gladden'd, grief beguil'd,  
 Than that which brightly wreaths thy name,  
 And speaks thy worth, Naomi's child !

Thy story, 'mid the stormier deeds  
 The annals of thy time make known,  
 For humble truth and nature pleads  
 With grace peculiarly their own.

And deep instruction yet is taught  
 By thy delightful simple tale,  
 Disclosing to attentive thought  
 The love which *can* and *cannot* fail.

There is a love, sincere, but weak,  
 Which has no high, or heaven-ward stay ;  
 Thus Orpah kiss'd her mother's cheek,  
 Kiss'd her—and wept—yet turn'd away !

Thy own, heroic and sublime,  
 Still to thy earthly parent clave,  
 And lives, triumphant over time,  
 For Heaven its holier courage gave.

And richly God vouchsaf'd to bless  
 A love devoted, pure as thine,  
 By making thee the ancestress  
 Of kingly David's royal line.

## VOICELESS PRAYER.

---

“Now Hannah, she spake in her heart, only her lips moved, but her voice was not heard : therefore Eli thought she had been drunken.”—1 Samuel, i. 13.

---

BEHOLD how few brief words set forth  
 Of voiceless prayer the happy lot ;  
 God who inspires it owns its worth,  
 Though mortal man discern it not :  
 That prayer which reach'd not Eli's ear,  
 The Lord stoop'd down from heaven to hear.

And many a prayer from lips that move  
 In silence now, ascends on high ;  
 By Him who dwells and reigns above  
 Beheld with no averted eye,  
 Aye, plum'd with wings, endow'd with sense  
 Beyond all verbal eloquence.

Then fear not thou, whose faltering tongue  
 Seems powerless still, when bent the knee,  
 Though songs of praise by angels sung  
 In heaven for ever vocal be,  
 True prayer, though pour'd in sigh and groan,  
 Soars not unnotic'd, nor unknown.



If grace divine the heart prepare,  
 A sigh, a groan in Jesu's name  
 May prove a more availing prayer  
 Than art's elaborate power can frame ;  
 Nor need our silence be deplored  
 While hearts are vocal to the Lord.

---

HIDDEN, BUT HOPED FOR.

---

“And the word of the Lord was precious in those days ; there was no open vision.”—1 Samuel, iii. 1.

---

NOT only in the spring-tide hour,  
 Or summer's bright and fervid power,  
 Does nature live : —her hidden life  
 Lives on through winter's stormy strife.

Though perish'd bud, and flower, and fruit,  
 If deep below survive the root,  
 When spring shall re-assume her reign,  
 The sap shall re-ascend again.

Nor had the Lord his people left,  
 Though Eli's age of strength was reft ;  
 Although his sons their God forgot,  
 And he their sire restrain'd them not.

Though even near His hallow'd ark  
 The lamp of God seem'd growing dark,  
 Though there no open vision told  
 The glories of the days of old.

Yet still *His word was precious!* still  
 There were who sought to know his will,  
 Who look'd unto that ark, though dim,  
 With hopes and prayers that turn'd to Him.

Those hopes and prayers an answer found  
 When night seem'd gathering darkly round ;  
 Though he, the guardian of the shrine,  
 At first knew not the voice divine.

Nor is His church now left by Him,  
 Though many an Eli's eyes wax dim ;  
 Nor is the Christian's hopeless night,  
 Though God, awhile, may veil his light.

If precious to His church his word,  
 Its voice by them shall yet be heard ;  
 Christian, if veil'd that light from thee,  
 Hidden, but hoped for, may it be.

## OBEDIENCE BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

---

“And Samuel said, Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices, as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.”—1 Samuel, xv. 22.

---

THINK not, Christian! thou canst choose  
*How* obedience should be shown,  
 God will evermore refuse  
 Offering which is not *his own*.

What can sacrifice of thine,  
 Offer'd in thy strength and will,  
 Gain thee at that inner shrine,  
 Where He seeks obedience still?

Hope not what thy choice inspires  
 Shall divine acceptance win,  
 But what God himself requires,  
 And makes manifest within.

There his Spirit gives the law  
 Graven on tables of the heart;  
 This to trace with holy awe  
 Is true wisdom's better part.

There his gospel would reveal  
 Hope which Christ alone can give ;  
 There before his footstool kneel,  
 Hear, obey, and thou shalt live.



### THE HARP OF DAVID.

---

“ And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand : so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him.”—1 Samuel, xvi. 23.

---

Oh ! for the harp that David swept,  
 At whose divine entrancing sound  
 The evil spirit distance kept,  
 While holier visions hover'd round :  
 Oh ! for such harp in these our days,  
 To speak a God's, a Saviour's praise.

Then e'en on earth might song outpour  
 That sweet, that full, triumphant strain  
 Whose grateful notes should heaven-ward soar,  
 And there a gracious audience gain ;  
 While here below its hallow'd power  
 Should aid devotion's happiest hour.

Christian, wouldst thou such harp possess,  
 May grace anoint thine eye to see,  
 And on thy mind this truth impress—  
*The heart* that instrument may be:  
 For never harp or lyre reveal'd  
 Such music as the heart can yield.

Not in its unregenerate state  
 Canst thou expect those strains to hear;  
 By sin unstrung, its accents grate  
 In discord on a heaven-touch'd ear;  
 Renew'd by grace, and tuned by love,  
 Its harmony ascends above.

Oh then with melody it seems  
 To vibrate from each trembling string;  
 Each kindling thought and feeling teems  
 With songs as sweet as seraphs sing;  
 And music art could never frame  
 Is breath'd to its REDEEMER'S NAME.

## THE PHILISTINE CHAMPION.

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“And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.”—1 Samuel, xvii. 4.

---

THOUGH he of Gath no more  
 The living God defy,  
 Champions like him of yore  
 Satan can now supply.

The champions he can call,  
 Though hid from mortal sight,  
 Are deadlier in their thrall  
 Than that fierce giant's might.

They rise not in the field  
 Of war, with warlike mien;  
 But in the heart conceal'd  
 They fight for him unseen.

Lust, with its wanton eye,  
 False shame, and servile fear,  
 Despair, whose icy sigh  
 Would freeze contrition's tear:—

Doubt, with its scornful jest,  
 Pride, with its haughty brow;—  
 These, lurking in the breast,  
 Are sin's Goliaths now.

Vainly our strength we boast,  
 Or reason's triumphs tell,  
 Sin's hydra-headed host  
 Arms not our own must quell.

Be ours, then, those alone  
 God's word and grace bestow,  
 Faith's simple sling and stone  
 Shall lay each giant low.



#### PROVED ARMOUR.

---

“And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.”—1 Samuel, xvii. 39.

---

THE shepherd youth, although arrayed  
 In helm and mail of Israel's king,  
 Felt in those royal arms afraid,  
 Though fearless with his stone and sling.

His limbs, though deck'd in martial pride,  
 With no elastic vigour mov'd,  
 He put the cumb'rous pomp aside,  
 And took the weapons he had prov'd.

Lord ! when we seek to serve thy cause,  
 In every conflict we may dare,  
 Like David may we wisely pause,  
 And try our arms with watchful care.

In armour prov'd, with weapons tried,  
 Be thou our Captain in the field;  
 Be all our arms by thee supplied,  
 And, with them, strength and skill to wield.

Not in our wisdom, or our might,  
 Or aught of our's be trust repos'd;  
 They who beneath thy banners fight  
 Must look for aid by thee disclos'd.

The humblest weapon given by thee  
 Is render'd mighty through thy name ;  
 All else, though splendid it may be,  
 Can bring us but defeat and shame.



## SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

---

“And it came to pass, when the priests were come out of the holy place, that the cloud filled the house of the Lord, so that the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud: for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of the Lord.”—1 Kings, viii. 10, 11.

---

WITH what magnificence sublime  
 To outward sense in ancient time  
     Thy temple, Lord! appeal'd;  
 When thus, descending from on high,  
 The glory of thy majesty  
     Was veil'd—and yet reveal'd.

Well may some moods of thought be known  
 When to that pomp, for ever flown,  
     We turn our mental gaze,  
 And mourn the splendour of the past  
 Should now no sun-like glory cast  
     On these degenerate days!

The thought forbid :—teach us to see  
 A temple, Lord! more worthy thee,  
     Which thou would'st now prepare  
 Within the heart by grace divine;  
 Oh! guide us to that inner shrine,  
     That we may worship there.

Not all the skill, not all the cost,  
 Nor rites of Levi's sacred host  
     Which then adorn'd thy fane,  
 Could more availing power impart  
 Than the poor, contrite humble heart  
     May now from Jesus gain.

On Sinai's consecrated hill,  
 As in that pile,—*dark clouds* were still  
     Around thy presence bright;  
 But in the temple of the soul  
 The broken heart, by thee made whole,  
     Shall worship thee IN LIGHT!

## THE WIDOW'S MEAL AND OIL.

---

“And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah.”—1 Kings, xvii. 16.

---

How rich is poverty's scant hoard,  
 When God hath bless'd its lot;  
 How poor the heaps that wealth has stored,  
 If he hath bless'd them not :—  
 Witness proud Ahab's regal dome,  
 And the poor widow's humble home.

There dwelt she, with sufficient food  
 For nature's simple calls ;  
 While fear and caution sentries stood  
 Beside a monarch's walls :—  
 Her cruse by power unseen was fed,  
 Her meal supplied their daily bread.

"The age of miracles is past,"  
 Some sceptic may exclaim ;  
 But if on God our care we cast,  
 His power remains the same :—  
 Nor do our spirits less demand  
 The bounty of his liberal hand.

Is there no cruse whose store should feed  
 Devotion's hallow'd fire ?  
 No living bread, whose daily need  
 Our deathless souls require ?  
 Are there not seasons when we sigh  
 In secret o'er our scant supply ?

Be ours the faith the widow knew,  
 When she the seer supplied,  
 So shall we own the promise true,  
 God's goodness will provide ;  
 The meal shall last, the cruse fail not,  
 'Till plenty be our spirits' lot.

## ELIJAH AT MOUNT HOREB.

---

“And after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle.”—1 Kings, xix. 13.

---

THE wind swept by ! God was not there !  
 The earthquake rock'd the holy hill ;  
 The fire roll'd past with lurid glare,  
 The Tishbite stood collected still.

The still small voice its signal gave !  
 Instant he left his hiding place,  
 Stood in the entrance of the cave,  
 With watchful ear, and shrouded face.

Solemn description ! teaching yet  
 Important truth to latest time ;  
 Truth ne'er before the spirit set  
 In form more awfully sublime.

Meek follower of the Nazarene,  
 Thou well canst read the lesson taught ;  
 Strong winds have pass'd, and earthquakes been,  
 Which have no certain watch-word brought.

The fire, in conflict's awful hour,  
 Hath pass'd, and nought but ruin shown;  
 But in the still small voice have power  
 And love divine to thee been known.

Then from their innermost recess,  
 E'en as the seer that cavern trod,  
 Feeling and thought came forth to bless,  
 And hear with awe the voice of God.



#### NAAMAN'S PRIDE AND FOLLY.

---

“Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?”—  
 2 Kings, v. 12.

---

THUS arrogant, and thus absurd  
 Was he who then the prophet heard:  
 We blame his language;—are not we  
 As foolish and as proud as he?

A fountain is unseal'd to save,  
 Of virtue passing Jordan's wave,  
 Beyond Bethesda's healing spring,  
 Though ruffled by an angel's wing.

'There might we, in this gospel day,  
 Wash all our leprosy away,  
 Cleanse from our spirits every stain,  
 And more than child-like whiteness gain.

But faith is low, and pride is high,  
 We view that fount with doubting eye,  
 And choose with proud and angry tone  
 Abanas, Pharpars of our own.

O Thou! whose love that fount unseal'd,  
 By which, alone, we can be heal'd,  
 Strengthen our faith, subdue our pride,  
 Nor let our leprosy abide.

As then by Jordan's hallow'd brim  
 The leper's followers strove with him.  
 Beside thy holier fountain now  
 Our spirits in subjection bow.

Teach us in simple faith to prove  
 The power of thy redeeming love,  
 That like the Syrian we may see,  
 And own there is no God like thee.

## ELISHA'S BONES.

---

“And they cast the man into the sepulchre of Elisha : and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived and stood up on his feet.”—2 Kings, xiii. 21.

---

HAD Israel's sons forgot the power  
Which Jordan's waves had riven,  
That to thy bones this healing dower  
By miracle was given ?

I know not :—but the marvel pleads  
Thy mission was divine ;  
And to a tomb far holier leads  
Than sepulchre of thine.

To one where for a season slept  
The Lord of life and power,  
While angels round their vigils kept,  
And watch'd his wakening hour.

The hour when He, triumphantly,  
Rose from the silent dead,  
And even death's captivity  
A vanquish'd captive led.



When from the chambers of the grave  
 He soar'd to Heaven again,  
 And by his resurrection gave  
 Such glorious gifts to men.

Might the rich gifts his blood has bought  
 Assume their proper place,  
 The miracles thy reliques wrought  
 Must yield to those of grace.

To only one thy sacred tomb  
 Could mortal life restore,  
 Our Lord's to millions is the womb  
 Of life which ends no more.



#### ON THE USE OF TIME.

---

“And Hezekiah answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees : nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees.”—2 Kings, xx. 10.

---

It seems a light and trivial thing  
 To view time's onward flight impell'd ;  
 To mark the shadow of his wing  
 Turn'd back!—a sight but once beheld.

Once only, to a monarch's prayer,  
 Was given by miracle divine  
 The moments pass'd again to share,  
 And see retrac'd time's shadowy line.

Yet thousands daily live on earth  
 As if their ineffectual might  
 Could give this wonder hourly birth  
 And backward turn time's rapid flight.

O time ! Heaven's richest gift to man,  
 Till gone—too rarely understood,  
 How few thy richest treasures scan,  
 Or rightly estimate thy good.

Far beyond honours, power, or wealth,  
 The records of thy flight endure,  
 And render, by unheeded stealth,  
 The poorest rich, the richest poor,

*Abus'd !* though fame's proud heights be trod,  
 Those barren summits nought can give ;  
*Us'd* for the glory of thy God—  
 The humblest in content may live.

Thou Giver of this gift sublime !  
 Grant us thy grace its use to see,  
 That we may at the end of time  
 Enjoy eternity with thee.

## THE LORD REIGNETH.

---

“Let the heavens be glad, and let the earth rejoice : and let men say among the nations, 'The Lord reigneth.'”—1 Chronicles, xvi. 31.

---

BE glad ye heavens, thou earth rejoice,  
 Man! spread through every nation  
 With joyful and triumphant voice  
 The gospel of salvation :  
 Publish his glory, and his praise  
 Whose word his works sustaineth,  
 And gratefully this anthem raise  
 Rejoice ! The Lord yet reigneth !

Before His footstool prostrate fall,  
 Whose gracious bounty giveth  
 To each created object—all  
 On which enjoyment liveth :—  
 From Him alone each good descends,  
 His arm each ill restraineth ;  
 Then tell to earth's remotest ends  
 The Lord in glory reigneth !

Praise Him for all that ye possess  
Of riches, glory, power ;—  
Ye who have neither yet may bless  
His goodness every hour :  
His watchful and protecting eye  
The meanest ne'er disdaineth,  
Raise then, ye poor, your voice on high,  
For you, for you He reigneth.

But chiefly for salvation's gift,  
Of which He is the Donor,  
Angels and men your voices lift,  
In songs of praise and honour :  
O sing with gratitude His name  
Whose death our life remaineth,  
The love of Jesus loud proclaim,  
And say, The Lord still reigneth.

## EZRA'S MOURNING.

---

"Then Ezra rose up from before the house of God, and went into the chamber of Johanan, the son of Eliashib; and when he came thither, he did eat no bread, nor drink water; *for he mourned because of the transgression of them that had been carried away.*"—Ezra, x. 6.

---

Art thou of Ezra's seed,  
 Mourning, like him, transgressors led away?  
 Mourn on! thy holy creed  
 Foretells thy blessing in a future day.

What though thine eyes be dim  
 With tears for others who themselves shed none;  
 Thou yet mayst know, like him,  
 That joy which only can through grief be won.

Thy soul, in brighter days,  
 The oil of joy for mourning may possess;  
 And the glad garb of praise  
 For the dark vesture of thy heaviness.

Thine eye may see restored  
 Some for whose bondage thou hast sorrow'd long;  
 The halt, by thee deplored,  
 May walk again, the dumb break forth in song.

Some son of Elam yet,  
 Among the mourning congregation round,  
 Thy purpose may abet,  
 Nor leave thee till success thy prayers have crown'd.

If no such aid appear,  
 Blessings rest on the path by mourners trod,  
 And not a single tear  
 Falls from their eyes unnotic'd by their God.



#### SORROW OF THE HEART.

---

“Wherefore the king said unto me, Why is thy countenance sad, seeing thou art not sick? This is nothing else but sorrow of heart.”—Nehemiah, ii. 2.

---

O LORD! thine eye alone can see  
 The hidden sorrows of the heart,  
 To which no help, but aid from thee,  
 Availing comfort can impart:—  
 Thou hear'st its cries,  
 Thou know'st its sighs,  
 Thou wilt for its deliv'rance rise.

It is not sickness which hath chas'd  
The rose from off such mourner's cheek ;  
The darkening cloud by sorrow trac'd  
Tells more than words can ever speak ;  
Groans which confess  
The heart's distress,  
Can only find in thee redress.

Thine arm is shorten'd not ;—thine ear  
Is open as in days of yore ;  
The first can save, the last can hear,  
And thou canst smiles for tears restore,  
Give light for gloom,  
Recal hope's bloom,  
And bring back joy as from the tomb.

# NEHEMIAH'S MIDNIGHT SURVEY.

---

“And I went out by night by the gate of the valley, even before the dragon well, and to the dung port, and viewed the walls of Jerusalem, which were broken down, and the gates thereof were consumed by fire.”—Nehemiah, ii. 13.

---

The world may call the Conq'ror great,  
 Who enters with triumphal state  
     Some captur'd city's walls;  
 Who wins by prowess of his own  
 Some rival monarch's envied throne,  
     And revels in his halls.

Greater and nobler far wert thou,  
 Though pensive thought might cloud thy brow,  
     Thus wand'ring forth by night  
 On Salem's ruin'd walls to gaze,  
 While memory of her brighter days  
     Rose with that mournful sight.

The faithful patriot's fond desire,  
 The prophet's zeal—could hope inspire  
     E'en in that mournful mood;  
 Thine was a faith which knew no fears,  
 A glory sullied not by tears,  
     A greatness truly good.



Head of the church ! to thee we pray,  
 Oh ! raise up in this latter day  
     Spirits of kindred zeal :—  
 Spirits that love, in lonely hours,  
 To count our yet remaining towers,  
     And watch o'er Zion's weal.

Oh ! be to such by thee displayed  
 The devastations sin has made,  
     And while they mourn the view,  
 Show them thy gift of grace, through prayer  
 And faith, can every breach repair  
     And build our walls anew.



#### A KING'S SLEEPLESS NIGHT.



“ On that night could not the King sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of the records of the Chronicles, and they were read before the King.”— Esther, vi. 1.



MORDECAI, though long forgot,  
 When the monarch slumber'd not,  
 For the service he had done  
 Proud and regal honours won.

Long was his reward delayed,  
 Long he sate in seeming shade,  
 While the sun shone fair and bright  
 On the haughty Agagite.

Yet in patient faith he sate,  
 Watching on at Shushan's gate ;  
 Humble-hearted, hopeful-eyed,  
 Bowing not to Haman's pride.

Come at last the destin'd hour  
 When by God's o'er-ruling power  
 Sleep no soothing charm could fling  
 On the eye-lids of the King.

Then the Chronicles which told  
 Service done by him of old,  
 Gain'd him, at the King's command,  
 Honours from proud Haman's hand.

Christian, wait and watch like him,  
 Watch, though every hope seem dim ;  
 Wait, without one murmuring word,  
 Though reward seem long deferr'd.

Bear with patience, though forlorn,  
 Haman's obloquy and scorn ;  
 Trust a brighter day to see,  
 More than Esther pleads for thee.

He whose eye no sleep can seal,  
 He whose arm can help reveal,  
 He whose word is faithful yet,  
 Neither can nor will forget.



### THE LANGUAGE OF THE TEMPTER.



“Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God, and die.”—  
 Job, ii. 9.



Such is the language to this hour,  
 Of Satan in the heart,  
 When tribulation fiercest power  
 Has wing'd its fiery dart.

When night more dark than of the tomb  
 Appears to veil our sky,  
 Are heard his whispers through the gloom—  
 Now curse thy God, and die.

Why thy integrity retain  
 When He hath cast thee off,  
 And left thee to thy foes' disdain,  
 Or friends' more cruel scoff?

Thou tried, and tempted ! hast thou heard  
 A voice like this within ?  
 Be one unfailing prayer preferr'd—  
 “ Lord, save me from this sin ! ”

Seek for that patient faith which lives  
 Dependant on His will,  
 Whose hand, while every good it gives,  
 Dispenses needful ill.

Still thine integrity hold fast,  
 The tempter's counsel spurn,  
 “ Hope against hope ! ”—and God at last  
 Will for thy help return.

He never yet abandon'd one  
 Who strove to Him to cleave,  
 And watch'd, and waited through His Son  
 Salvation to receive.

## DESPONDENCY REPROVED.

---

“Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?”—Job, iii. 23.

---

ENQUIRE not thou *why* light is thine,  
 Because it useless seems to be ;—  
 While God permits that light to shine,  
 Doubt not it may be bless'd to thee.

Think not thy way a path unknown,  
 Though hid from thee, and veil'd from man ;  
 God, from his omnipresent throne  
 That way can trace, thy footsteps scan.

Nor say that He hath hedg'd thee in,  
 If scanty seem thy prospect's bound ;  
 When doubt, despondency, and sin,  
 Perchance combine to hem thee round.

Turn to that light ; while light is lent,  
 Thy way, though hidden, still pursue,  
 Be with thy present path content,  
 Though bounded may appear its view.

Lord ! when most useless seems thy light,  
 Our way most hid, our views obscure,  
 Teach us to trust thy love, and might,  
 To know thy promises are sure.

Within our hearts thy grace reveal,  
 Though there it seems to shine in vain ;  
 In paths most hidden make us feel  
 That Thou canst make them straight and plain.

---

#### CHASTISEMENT MERCIFUL.

---

“Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth ; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.”—Job, v. 17.

---

INSTRUCT us, Lord ! from day to day,  
 To feel and understand  
 How kind and merciful alway  
 Is thy chastising hand :  
 May we such chast’ning ever prize,  
 And own the mercy it implies.

The sunshine to the flower may give  
 The tints that charm the sight,  
 But scentless would that flow'ret live  
 If skies were always bright ;  
 Dark clouds and showers its scent bestow,  
 And purest joy is born of woe.

He who each bitter cup rejects,  
 No living spring shall quaff ;  
 He whom thy rod in love corrects,  
 Shall lean upon thy staff :  
 Happy, thrice happy, then, is he  
 Who knows his chast'ning is from Thee.



#### THE PRAYER OF SORROW.

---

“O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me  
 the thing I long for.”—Job, vi. 8.

---

SUCH, such is sorrow's bitter cry,  
 Pour'd forth, O God ! to thee on high,  
 Too oft in hasty mood ;  
 Grief, though importunate it be,  
 Is little qualified to see  
 Its real ill, or good.

Hadst thou, when thus, by grief dismay'd,  
 For death thy suff'ring servant pray'd,  
     Accorded his request,  
 He had not liv'd thy name to praise,  
 And own his life's concluding days  
     Its brightest, and its best.

O then instruct us, even now,  
 When we before thy footstool bow,  
     And seek through prayer thy face,  
 That all our supplications, still,  
 Should own submission to thy will,  
     Be prompted by thy grace.

That chiefly in affliction's hour  
 Our hearts may own that precept's power  
     Taught by thy blessed Son,  
 Who in *his agony* could pray,  
 The cup might pass from him—yet say,  
     Father ! Thy will be done !



## THE VANITY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

---

“For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.”—Job, viii. 9.

---

His birth of yesterday,  
 To-morrow pass'd away ;—  
 His life the shadow of a summer cloud ;  
 Shall mortal man be vain  
 Of knowledge he may gain  
 In the brief span of time to earth allow'd ?

Not that we under-rate  
 Or lightly estimate  
 The triumphs won by many an honour'd name  
 Of those whose midnight oil,  
 And unremitting toil,  
 In outward lore have won them worldly fame.

Yet, oh ! how poor, and brief,  
 Like the frail Cistus' leaf  
 Must knowledge be—*confin'd* to things of time ;  
 Which, fetter'd by their thrall,  
 Is ignorant of all  
 That renders an eternity sublime.

What boots it to be vers'd  
 In systems schools have nurs'd,—  
 If, gaining all the lore that these impart,  
 That truth remain unknown,  
 Whose teaching power, alone,  
 Convicts, converts, and sanctifies the heart?



#### GOD UNSEARCHABLE.

---

“Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?”—Job, xi. 7.

---

WE see, O Lord! from day to day,  
 In every work of thine,  
 That goodness, power, and skill, which say,  
 Thou ART! and art DIVINE!

We feel this truth, from hour to hour,  
 When deep within the heart  
 Thy Spirit, with resistless power,  
 And love—declares Thou art.

More would we know—Thyself alone  
 Canst banish every doubt ;  
 Vain all researches of our own  
 Must be to find thee out.

Oh ! teach us, then, thine outward word  
 To study more and more,  
 And be its oracles preferr'd  
 To perishable lore.

Instruct us to thy inward voice  
 To lend a wakeful ear :  
 In its approval to rejoice,  
 At each rebuke to fear.

Thy word our law ; thy voice our guide ;  
 Thy truth our only stay,  
 Show us a Saviour crucified,  
 To Thee, the Light, the Way.

Thus be that saving knowledge won  
 Which only their's can be,  
 Who, through the Spirit, and the Son,  
 Are brought, O God ! to thee.

## CONFIDING FAITH.

---

“Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”—Job, xiii. 15.

---

BE such, in trial's darkest hour,  
 Our trust and confidence in God;  
 Be such our faith's sustaining power,  
 Our meek submission to His rod:  
 Then, though our outward life be slain,  
 One far more glorious we shall gain.

'There is a life we must forego,  
 If we would shun death's keenest sting;  
 A death there is we here must know,  
 If we to endless life would cling:  
 O Lord! that hidden life supply,  
 And teach us daily how to die.

Who seeks to save his outward life,  
 Shall lose the life which Christ would give;  
 Who dies *for* Him—shall by that strife  
 With Him o'er death triumphant live!  
 O for this heavenly life within!  
 This daily death to self--and sin!

Where these through grace divine are known,  
 The language of the heart will be,  
 I live, O Lord ! in thee alone,  
 Though slain—I place my trust in thee;  
 Enough if by thy power divine  
 I find my life and death *in* thine.



THE UNPROFITABLENESS OF MAN'S GOODNESS  
 TO HIS MAKER.

---

“Is it any pleasure to the Almighty, that thou art righteous?  
 Or is it gain to Him that thou makest thy way perfect?—Job,  
 xxii. 3.

---

THINK not that righteous acts of thine,  
 Done in thy might,  
 Can God delight ;  
 The source of good is grace divine ;  
 And thou must be  
 Content to see  
 Thy deeds with borrow'd lustre shine.

Imagine not, poor child of clay !

Without His grace

Thy skill can trace

A perfect path to endless day ;

Or were it trod,

That gain to God

Could rise from man's most perfect way.

The proud, the impious thought disown :—

And know thou this,

When bale or bliss

Evil or good to thee have shown,

Thine still remain

The vice and pain,—

Good, and its joy, the Lord's alone.



#### MOURNFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

---

“O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me ; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness.”—Job, xxix. 2, 3.

---

MOURNFUL it seems in darken'd days

To turn to hours more blest and bright,

When God's own glory shed its rays

Around us,—making darkness light.

When we were *kept by Him!* and knew,—  
 Through faith, which doubt could never dim,  
 What His eternal arm can do  
 For those who love and trust in Him.

It may be painful thus to turn  
 To favour'd seasons—past and gone,  
 And from our present darkness learn  
 The value of the Light that shone.

Yet is it good to know from whom  
 That light divine alone could flow ;  
 And merciful may be the gloom  
 Which teaches us *its* source to know.

While yet 'mid Eden's beauties rare  
 Our parents sojourn'd,—they might deem  
 Each charm its Maker lavish'd there  
 Was their's by empery supreme.

But from its bowers by sin exil'd,  
 Were they not taught, in grief and pain,  
 The woman's Seed, the heaven-born Child—  
 Alone could make them their's again !

May those who mourn in sin's dark night  
 Glory not their's, now pass'd away,  
 To JESUS turn, the Truth, the Light,  
 Whose love can make their darkness day.

## THE HAPPINESS OF THE GODLY.

---

“And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither.”— Psalm, i. 3.

---

BLESSED state! and happy he  
 Who is like that planted tree;  
 Living waters lave his root,  
 Bends his bough with golden fruit.

Thine, O Lord! the power and praise  
 Which a sight like this displays;  
 Power of thine must plant it there,  
 Praise of thee it should declare.

Thou must first prepare the ground,  
 Sow the seed, and fence it round,  
 Streams that water, suns that shine,  
 Each and all are ever thine.

When the seedling from its bed  
 First lifts up its timid head,  
 Ministry of Thine must give  
 All on which its life can live.



Showers from Thee must bid it thrive,  
 Breath of thine must oft revive ;  
 Light from Thee its bloom supplies,  
 Left by Thee—it fades, and dies.

Whose then—when a tree up-grown,  
 Should its fruit be? but thine own !  
 And thy glorious heritage  
 Is its fadeless leaf in age.



#### SALUTARY FEAR.



“Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.”—  
 Psalm, ii. 11.



SERVE God with holy awe,  
 And strive to keep his law  
 With perfect love that knoweth no dissembling ;  
 If, through his grace divine,  
 The vict'ry should be thine,  
 Be glad, and grateful; yet rejoice with trembling.

For what is service done  
 By man,—or trophy won  
 By the frail son of man, when most victorious,  
 That he, with haughty tone,  
 Should deem the palm his own,  
 Or of his feeble service be vain-glorious ?

Can even pride suggest,  
 When man has done his best,  
 That fear is folly ?—'tis a thought of madness !  
 Or when—with heart, and voice,  
 The Christian can rejoice,  
 Are there no humbling thoughts to chasten gladness ?

There is a fear—whose power,  
 In dark temptation's hour,  
 Makes him who feels it firmer than the Stoic;  
 A trembling—in delight,  
 Which gives the feeble might,  
 And renders the most humble—most heroic !

## SELF-COMMUNION.

---

“Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.”—  
Psalm, iv. 4.

---

ERE thou giv'st thine eyes to sleep,  
 When thou seek'st thy peaceful bed,  
 Let thy thoughts their vigil keep,  
 Let thy soul its wings out-spread.

Commune with thy wakeful heart ; —  
 Be communion joy, or pain :  
 'Tis true wisdom's better part  
 Thus to live the past again.

If, with memory's eye review'd,  
 Peace the parted day affords,  
 Turn to God with gratitude,  
 For the glory is the Lord's.

If that retrospect but show  
 Good neglected, evil done,  
 Seek for strength, whence strength must flow,  
 On the morrow such to shun.

Wise are they who every night  
 Thus the Psalmist's law obey ;  
 Waiting, watching for that Light,  
 Brighter far than beams of day.

Unto such the Light will rise,  
 Showing clearly good and ill,  
 God, whose grace that light supplies,  
 Every roving thought can still.

O ! how glorious is that ray  
 Which no shades of night can dim ;  
 O ! how soothing in its sway  
 Silence which proceeds from Him.

---

#### APPROACHING THROUGH MERCY.

---

“ But as for me, I will come into thy house, in the multitude of thy mercy.”— Psalm, v. 7.

---

O LORD ! I enter not thy courts  
 In fancied merit of my own ;  
 Thy law has shaken all supports  
 Save what thy mercy yet makes known.

The past a dreary waste appears,  
 The present—but the past renew'd,  
 The future—fraught with boding fears  
 But for thy mercy's multitude.

No penitence, though deep, and sure,  
 No good desires, however strong,  
 No "high resolves," however pure,  
 Can vouch for hope of safety long.

These have been trusted, and have fail'd !  
 That purer, humbler hope make known  
 Which, in thy boundless mercy mail'd,  
 Trusts to THY RIGHTEOUSNESS alone.

---

#### DIVINE CONDESCENSION.

---

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained ; What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him ?"  
 — Psalm, viii. 3, 4.

---

WHEN I view the vaulted sky,  
 Rear'd by thee, by thee sustain'd,  
 Sun, and moon, and stars on high,  
 By thy fiat first ordain'd,  
 Lord ! what is man ? my spirit well may say,  
 That thou should'st thus be mindful of his way.

What the son of man? that thou  
 Thus should'st visit him in love?  
 To his prayer in mercy bow  
 From thy glorious throne above?—  
 It is thy condescending grace, whose plan  
 Thus comprehends, and would ennoble man.

Yet thy holy word hath said,  
 Thou wilt not for ever strive:—  
 Fearful hope, and daring dread,  
 Let this solemn truth revive;  
 That we, in thy accepted day, and hour,  
 May of thy visitation own the POWER.



#### THE BELIEVER'S REFUGE.

---

“The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.”—Psalm, ix. 9.

---

How cheerless, Lord! would be the lot  
 Of those whom man regardeth not,  
 If, in affliction's darkest hour,  
 Thy name were not their fortress-tower.

The world can proffer no relief,  
 E'en to the worldling—in his grief;  
 Its emptiness is then made known,  
 It loves—but cannot save its own.

Beasts have their dens—wherein they creep,  
 Leviathan—the billowy deep;  
 Birds to their nests for shelter flee;—  
 Souls troubled and oppress'd—to thee !


Thou art their refuge :—in the day  
 Of trouble, thou art still their stay ;  
 Thy name, in which is power sublime,  
 A shelter in the needful time.

But if we hope thine outstretch'd arm  
 In darker hours when ills would harm,  
 O ! teach our lips, in brighter days,  
 To bless thy name, to speak thy praise.

For, though thy love may condescend  
 To be the mourner's surest friend,  
 Nay, e'en to cheer their adverse lot  
 Who in past sunshine sought thee not,—

Yet justly may thy praise employ,  
 The liberal gratitude of JOY,  
 And selfish, sure, their thoughts must be  
 Who turn but *in their grief* to thee.

## NOTE.



AFTER the composition of the preceding Verses, the further progress of this little volume had been, for some time, suspended ; indeed its author had for a while felt little ability or inclination to proceed in it, its completion appearing to him almost a hopeless contingency. A candid statement of this circumstance may perhaps explain, if not justify the insertion of the following.



## A SOLILOQUY.

---

“Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.”—Psalm, xxv. 1.

---

ONCE more, lov'd solace of my lonely hours,  
 Would I renew my intercourse with thee,  
 Suspended for a time—while Spring's gay flowers,  
 Her bursting foliage, and her songs of glee  
 Allured me from my task to budding bowers,  
 To shady lane, green copse, or blossom'd lea;—  
 In the fond hope, but not more fond than vain,  
 Their charms might lend fresh vigour to my strain.

Mistaken thought! To me shall come no more  
 The once blithe impulse of a vernal day;  
 Nor can fair nature's countless charms restore  
 Aught of congenial freshness to my lay;  
 The sanguine flush of youth's bright morn is o'er,  
 The fairy dreams of fancy pass'd away;—  
 And were they still my own they could not lend  
 One living charm with thy deep truths to blend.

Not that I darkly view, or lightly prize,  
 The beauties and the harmonies of Spring;  
 Yet is there what green earth, nor laughing skies,  
 Nor blooming flowers, nor song of birds can bring  
 Over the spirit;—hid from human eyes  
 Deep in the heart, like a far holier thing  
 Than outward nature's richest stores can yield,  
 The fount of thought and feeling is unseal'd.

And he who writes of themes which must endure  
 Whentimesandseasons shall have run their course,  
 Whose song is TRUTH, unchangeable and sure,  
 If he aright would feel its truest force,  
 Must drink of streams unperishing and pure  
 Which issue from a deeper, holier source;  
 Looking beyond the fading things of time,  
 To those which are eternal and sublime.

O ! may I now, with no misgiving dread,  
 Resume the task of many a winter night;  
 Nor deem devotion's purer influence fled  
 Because no inly-answ'ring flood of light  
 From Spring's young glory on my soul is shed :  
 The just shall walk by faith, and not by sight !  
 And he who seeks to frame a heavenly song  
 Through conscious weakness may be render'd strong.

Strong in the might and strength of Him, alone,  
 Whose spirit down the vale of vision swept,  
 What time the seer beheld around him strown  
 Bones dry and lifeless which in silence slept ;  
 These, at the word divine, His power made known,  
 And on their feet a living army leapt ;  
 So may the spirit He vouchsafes to raise  
 Revive as from the dead to sing His praise.



#### CONFIDENCE IN PROTECTION.

---

“ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; he leadeth me  
 beside the still waters.”— Psalm, xxiii. 2.

---

SHEPHERD of Israel's gather'd fold !  
 Thy pastures still are fresh and green,  
 And water'd, as in days of old,  
 By silent streams of crystal sheen ;  
 And there thou lov'st thy flock to lead  
 That they may on thy bounty feed.

These, guarded by thine outstretch'd arm,  
 Are strong in seeming impotence;  
 Secured from danger and alarm  
 By quiet humble confidence,  
 And trusting, Lord! in thee alone,  
 All other confidence disown.

Look down on those who widely stray  
 As through a wilderness unblest,  
 Where no still waters cheer their way,  
 Nor herbage yields them food or rest;  
 Weary and faint the wand'ers roam,  
 Thy hand, alone, can guide them home.



#### THE BELIEVER'S LIFE AND LIGHT.

---

“For with thee is the fountain of life : in thy light shall we see light.”— Psalm, xxxvi. 9.

---

THERE is a life, more dear  
 Than that which by our outward breath we live;  
 There is a light more clear  
 And glorious than the noon-day sun can give.

Deep, deep the heart within,  
 By grace divine this life is first begot ;  
 Though man, enthrall'd by sin,  
 In its first breathings, stirrings, knows it not.

In the awaken'd mind  
 This light first dawns, a faint and glimm'ring ray ;  
 But, to its glory blind,  
 Man from its gentle radiance turns away.

Thou only, Lord! canst give  
 The light wherein, alone, THY light we see ;  
 And teach us how to live  
 An inward life still hid with Christ in Thee.

That so each gift and grace  
 Bestow'd by Thee its Giver may recall ;  
 And each believer trace  
 In Thee the Fount of Life, of Light, of All.

## THE REWARD OF PATIENT WAITING.

---

“ I waited patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.”—Psalm, xl. 1.

---

SUCH was the language us'd of yore,  
 O God ! by Israel's shepherd king,  
 And they who patiently adore,  
 And wait,—thy goodness yet shall sing.

Thou didst not hear unmov'd of old  
 Such waiting suppliant's plaintive cry,  
 Nor dost thou coldly now behold  
 The patient mourner's watchful eye.

Thy boundless mercy still is near  
 To those who would that mercy crave ;  
 Undimm'd thine eye, unseal'd thine ear,  
 Thine arm omnipotent to save.

But, weaken'd by our sins, and cares,  
 Our ears and eyes nor hear nor see ;  
 Our hearts grow weary, faint our prayers,  
 We wait not patiently for Thee.

Nor can we of ourselves obtain  
 The faith which keeps impatience dumb,  
 Which waits, though waiting seem in vain,  
 Believing that thy time will come.

Thy grace, which must the will prepare  
 To watch and pray at Wisdom's gate,  
 Must give the boon of patience there  
 For thy appointed time to wait.

---

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

---

“He shall drink of the brook in the way ; therefore shall he lift up the head.”—Psalm, cx. 7.

---

GREAT need had He who trod for us  
 The wine-press of thy wrath, O God !  
 To be refresh'd and strengthen'd thus  
 In the rough path he meekly trod.

And they who for themselves, alone,  
 Would seek to shun thy righteous wrath,  
 Now need each comfort thou mak'st known  
 To cheer their tribulated path.

And blessed be Thy name, and power,  
 And His, their high and holy Head,  
 Thou dost not, in the needful hour,  
 Forget the toilsome way they tread.

'Thou giv'st them, in thy boundless love,  
 Their hopes to cheer, their souls to stay.  
 Times of refreshment from above,  
 And brooks of comfort by the way.

But these, if such we hope to share,  
 If thine their glorious fruits may be.  
 Must yet be sought in faith and prayer,  
 And have their origin *in Thee*.

Gourds we may plant, alas! are vain.  
 Brief is the shelter they can give;  
 Cisterns we hew can ne'er contain  
 Waters by which the soul can live.

The Rock of Ages yet must throw  
 Its shadow o'er the way we tread,  
 And living streams which from it flow—  
 When drank—shall lift in hope the head.



## THE SEED OF THE KINGDOM.

---

“They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy.”—Psalm, cxxvi. 5.

---

BLESS'D promise, standing sure through all  
 The cares and griefs of time,  
 Well may the heart 'mid these recall  
 Thy changeless truth sublime.

Of vice each rank and noxious weed  
 Requires but shallow earth,  
 The kingdom's pure and precious seed  
 Demands a deeper birth.

The flower of worldly joy but rears  
 Its bloom where sunshine glows,  
 But sown in grief, and fed by tears,  
 The vine immortal grows.

That vine of which the living Root  
 Is Christ—the Crucified,  
 In whom each branch that beareth fruit  
 Must livingly abide.

This only grows where grace hath first  
 Prepar'd and sown the ground,  
 Where love divine its shoots hath nurs'd,  
 And faith has fenc'd it round.

And they whose hearts have thus been till'd,  
 Sown, planted—Lord, by thee,  
 Shall own thy gracious word fulfill'd,  
 And thy salvation see.

Their hopes, though check'd by frequent fears,  
 No doubts shall e'er destroy,  
 But the bless'd seed, first sown in tears,  
 Their souls shall reap in joy.



#### THE PRAISE OF GOD.

---

“Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord!”—Psalm, cl. 6.

---

'Twas thus the Psalmist clos'd his lays,  
 Invoking all to join his praise;  
 Oh! who shall disobey a call  
 Which solemnly appeals to all?

What heart can truly feel his strain,  
 And prove that invocation vain?  
 What spirit but, with full accord,  
 Must inly answer, "Praise the Lord!"

Yet who, O God! by thee untought,  
 Shall dare to praise thee, e'en in thought?  
 When seraph harps around thy throne  
 Wake to that theme their sweetest tone.

No pomp of verse can win thine ear,  
 Genius itself is powerless here;  
 The only praise by Thee desir'd  
 Must be by Thee alone inspir'd.

Thy Spirit must its aid impart,  
 Must cleanse and sanctify the heart;  
 And through thy Son, for sinners slain,  
 Our spirits must be born again.

Thus, only, man is render'd meet  
 A strain so heavenly to repeat;  
 Then, only, can he hope to raise  
 To Thee accepted songs of praise.

The ransom'd and redeem'd alone  
 Can make thy glorious triumphs known;  
 And e'en their silence oft may be  
 The most expressive praise of Thee.

## SPIRITUAL ECONOMY.

---

“There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.”—  
Proverbs, xi. 24.

---

IF here instruction we may trace,  
 Applied to outward wealth,  
 Not less it teaches us of grace,  
 And of the spirit's health ;  
 There is that scattereth—but to gain,  
 There is that hoardeth—but in vain.

The single talent's humble worth  
 If us'd—its meed had gain'd ;  
 The ten—if buried in the earth,  
 No blessing had obtain'd :—  
 In goods without, in grace within,  
 The liberal truest riches win.

LOVE'S is a *social* law! and they  
 Who thus themselves bereave,  
 Fling not the Spirit's gifts away,  
 But—giving, shall receive:—  
 Their bread upon the waters cast  
 Shall all return to them at last.

They shall be render'd rich above,  
 Surpassing worldly pelf,  
 In their dear Lord's atoning love.  
 Who freely gave himself!  
 Who, rich and sinless, came to share  
 Our poverty, our sins to bear.

Nobly hath He exemplified  
 True wealth's unbounded store,  
 Which is increas'd when scatter'd wide,  
 And us'd—abounds the more,  
 When in the riches of His grace supreme  
 He gave His life to ransom and redeem.

SIGNS AND TOKENS.

---

“He that observeth the wind, shall not sow ; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.”—Ecclesiastes, xi. 4.

---

CHRISTIAN pilgrim, seeking still  
Zion's high and holy hill,  
May thy Lord to thee impart  
Single eye, and stedfast heart.

Place thy trust in grace divine,  
Heed not thou each changing sign ;  
Shouldst thou witness many a change,  
Count not these as tokens strange.

Winds may rise of fearful sound,  
Darkest clouds may gather round,  
These may usher cloudless day,  
Those but waft thee on thy way.

He who watcheth winds that blow,  
May too long neglect to sow ;  
He who waits lest clouds should rain,  
Harvest never shall obtain.

Signs and tokens false may prove,  
 Trust thou in a Saviour's love,  
 In his sacrifice for sin,  
 And his Spirit's power within.

Keep thou Zion-ward thy face,  
 Ask in faith the aid of grace,  
 Use the strength which grace shall give,  
 Die to self—in Christ to live.

Faith in God, if such be thine,  
 Shall be found thy safest sign,  
 And obedience to His will  
 Prove the best of tokens still.



#### THE CHURCH IN HER BEAUTY AND PURITY.

---

“A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up,  
 a fountain sealed.”—Solomon's Song, iv. 12.

---

DELIGHTFUL emblems, in whose guise is shown  
 Thy church, O Lord, from spot and wrinkle free;  
 “The world unknowing, by the world unknown,”  
 Chaste and devoted in her love to Thee.

Then 'Thou to her art fairest of the fair,  
 The chief among ten thousand :—every crown  
 And palm victorious which her children wear,  
 Before thy throne of glory is cast down.

'Then, every anxious care on Thee repos'd,  
 Her image to the spirit seems reveal'd  
 A beauteous garden, by Thy love inclos'd,  
 A spring shut up, a living fountain seal'd.

Lovely as Eden, ere by sin's deceit  
 The tempter there a fatal entrance found ;  
 Pure as a chrystal fount in noontide's heat,  
 Whose sunless depth by rocks is guarded round.

Her's is that state of holier innocence  
 Fall'n nature of itself can never know ;  
 Thy arm's inclosure is her living fence,  
 Thy grace which made her pure must keep her so.



## THE CHURCH IN HER DESOLATION.

---

“And the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city.”—Isaiah, i. 8.

---

SUCH the desolate condition  
 Of thy church, when sick at heart;  
 Haste to save her, great Physician,  
 Much she needs thy healing art.

Balm in Gilead still is growing,  
 Balm which every wound can heal.  
 Haste, thy skilful aid bestowing,  
 Thy compassion to reveal.

Like some poor, besieged city,  
 Zion's daughter now appears;  
 Lord, look down on her with pity,  
 Hear her sighs, behold her tears.

Turn thy righteous hand upon her,  
 Purge away her dross and tin,  
 Vindicate thy name and honour,  
 Once enshrin'd her walls within.

Once more from Thee favour winning,  
 Judges unto her restore ;  
 As she had at the beginning,  
 Give her counsellors once more.

Raise up nursing sires and mothers,  
 Be thyself her Priest and King ;  
 Make her sons a band of brothers,  
 Daughters—meet thy praise to sing.

So shall sin no more defile her,  
 Thy salvation they shall bless,  
 And the earth again shall style her  
 City of thy righteousness.



#### ZION'S HOPE OF REDEMPTION.

---

“Zion shall be redeemed with judgment, and her converts with righteousness.”—Isaiah, i. 27.

---

WITH judgment, passing that of man,  
 By righteousness, but not their own ;—  
 Such still redemption's glorious plan,  
 Thus Zion's converts still are known.

The judgment which redeems must be  
 That of the Holy Ghost, and fire;  
 This, only from each sin can free,  
 And full, confiding faith inspire.

The righteousness which standeth sure,  
 The convert must in Christ attain;  
 This only, perfect, spotless, pure,  
 Shall in the end acceptance gain.

Behold the cause why Zion still  
 Is unredeem'd, unsanctified;  
 Why converts, impotent of will,  
 Faint, falter, fall on every side.

Vain of *our* judgment, we are led  
 To trust its strength in evil hour,  
 And shun, as with instinctive dread,  
 The Spirit's deep baptismal power.

Proud of our fancied righteousness,  
 Which self in splendid colours paints,  
 We seek not, strive not to possess  
 The purer garment of the saints.

Helper of Zion! dissipate  
 The clouds which yet her glory mar,  
 And show us, ere it be too late,  
 What righteousness and judgment are.

## THE DAY OF DIVINE VISITATION.

---

“And the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day.”—Isaiah,  
ii. 11.

---

CAN language utter,—pen record  
The wonders of that day  
When Zion’s righteous Judge and Lord  
Asserts his sovereign sway?

Where are thy cedars, Lebanon,  
So late uplifted high?  
Where are the oaks of Bashan gone,  
Whose strength might storms defy?

And thus the glory of the proud  
The cedar’s lot must know;  
The strongest as a reed be bow’d,  
Like Bashan’s oak—laid low.

The ships of Tarshish—types of art  
And wealth,—delight no more:  
The pleasant pictures of the heart  
Be darkly shadow’d o’er;

And every idol thought can claim  
 Abolish'd, and o'erthrown,  
 That so the Lord's exalted name  
 May reign and rule alone.

Such is the day, and such the hour  
 Of visitation still,  
 When God ariseth in his power  
 To bend, and bow the will.

And bless'd are they who through His grace  
 In visitation bow,  
 Who vow, henceforth, to seek His face,  
 And keep that solemn vow.



#### CHRIST'S TITLES AND ATTRIBUTES.

---

“For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.”—Isaiah, ix. 6.

---

DOUBTING Christian, why forlorn?  
 Art not thou an heir of heaven?  
 Unto thee a Child is born,  
 Unto thee a Son is given.

His the government sublime  
 Of his own redeeming grace,  
 Far beyond the bounds of time,  
 Far beyond thy views of space.

Wonderful—His name shall be,  
 Counsellor—in paths untrod,  
 Everlasting Father—He,  
 Prince of Peace, and Mighty God.

Glorious titles ! Power divine !  
 Hear, believe, obey, and live ;  
 Faith their fruits shall render thine,  
 God, alone, that faith can give.

Faithless,—thou must be forlorn,  
 Tempest-toss'd, at random driven ;  
 Unto thee no Child is born,  
 Unto thee no Son is given.

But, believing, thou shalt know  
 Winds and waters hush'd and still'd,  
 Toss'd no longer to and fro,  
 See each prophecy fulfill'd.

Pray for faith !—that reconcil'd  
 Unto God—thy soul may see  
 Born for thee this sinless Child,  
 And the Son thy Saviour be.

## CHRIST THE SURE FOUNDATION.

---

“Behold I lay in Zion for a foundation stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste.”—Isaiah, xxviii. 16.

---

THUS saith the Lord of Hosts—Behold,  
 Henceforth in Zion I make known,  
 By ancient prophecy foretold,  
 A tried, a precious Corner-Stone.

A sure Foundation, which shall stand  
 When storms descend, and tempests beat;  
 When structures human skill has plann'd  
 Their fearful, final ruin meet.

Lord, thy right hand that Stone has laid,  
 O make it precious in our sight!  
 That in thy power, and through thy aid  
 Each builder may proceed aright.

On trustless sands, with heedless haste,  
 Man's Babel, rear'd, delights his eyes;  
 But, on the Rock of Ages plac'd,  
 Thy edifice must *slowly* rise.

There things corruptible are shown  
 Worthless materials still to be,  
 The incorruptible alone  
 Can form a temple worthy Thee.

Alike unfurnish'd, and unskill'd  
 Are we, except Thy grace provide ;  
 Thou only canst instruct to build,  
 Who hast the Corner-Stone supplied.

---

GRACIOUS PROMISES.

---

“But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.”—Isaiah, xliii. 1.

---

FEAR not, Jacob, tribulated,  
 Fear not, Israel, disesteem'd ;  
 I, the Lord, who first created,  
 Have as gloriously redeem'd.

By thy name my love has call'd thee,  
 Bade my light around thee shine,  
 Broke the fetters which enthral'd thee,  
 Through redemption made thee mine.



Fear not, Zion's sons and daughters !  
 Perfect love should cast out fear,  
 When ye pass through deepest waters,  
 I, your Saviour, still am near.

Overwhelm'd by waves of sorrow,  
 Place your trust in Zion's King ;  
 Thence fresh comfort ye shall borrow.  
 Thence memorial stones shall bring.

In the furnace of affliction,  
 I will save you from despair ;  
 Love divine shall bring conviction  
 That my arm is round you there.

Never shall you be forsaken,  
 Nothing shall have power to harm,  
 While your faith remains unshaken  
 In Jehovah's outstretch'd arm.

Heights nor depths shall from me sever  
 Those whom Christ hath brought to me.  
 I will keep them safe for ever,  
 And their God and Saviour be.

## A PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH.

---

“Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.”—Isaiah, li. 9.

---

ARM of the Lord, awake,  
Put on thy strength as in the days of yore,  
And for the Church's sake  
Exert thy righteous energies once more.

Art Thou not it—whose might  
Smote Rahab?—gave the Dragon's cureless wound?  
Oh! deign for us to fight,  
Whom foes as deadly now beset around.

Art Thou not it—whose power  
Dried the sea's depths in Israel's earlier day,  
And in their favour'd hour,  
Made for the ransom'd of the Lord a way?

Once more, once more arise;  
As in the ancient days for us appear;  
The deep before us lies,  
And worse than Pharaoh's host are in our rear.

'That so the Lord's redeem'd  
 With songs of praise to Zion may be led,  
 Thy glory be esteem'd,  
 And everlasting joy be on our head.

---

FREE REDEMPTION.

---

“For thus saith the Lord, ye have sold yourselves for nought,  
 and ye shall be redeemed without money.”—Isaiah, lii. 3.

---

YE sold yourselves for nought,  
 Redemption is as free,  
 Why are ye not then brought  
 By Jesus unto me?

Such, Lord, thy language still,  
 The gracious words repeat,  
 And bend and bow the will  
 Before thy judgment seat.

There mercy yet is shown,  
 There love still hovers round,  
 Salvation is made known,  
 And free redemption found.

Though we ourselves have brought  
 To slavery's galling chain,  
 A Saviour's love, unbought,  
 May ransom us again.

Though sin's destroying flood  
 Have swept our peace away,  
 Yet Christ's atoning blood  
 That torrent's course can stay.

Though earth contain no gem  
 To ransom man from vice,  
 In thy bright diadem  
 Is set that Pearl of Price.

A Pearl—compar'd with which  
 The ruby has no worth,  
 Which makes the poorest rich,  
 Possessing more than earth.

And they who seek thy face,  
 Thy mercy shall supply,  
 From free, unpurchas'd grace,  
 With what worlds could not buy.

## SLOWLY, SAFELY, AND SURELY.

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“For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight : for the Lord will go before you ; and the God of Israel will be your rearward.”—Isaiah, lii. 12.

---

WHEN Israel's sons from Egypt's land  
Were brought by God's resistless hand,  
Not their's the captive's fearful flight,  
But the strong march of guarded might.

God went behind them, and before,  
To guard and guide to Canaan's shore ;  
By night a fire to point their way,  
A pillar of a cloud by day.

And those who now deliverance win  
From death and darkness, self and sin,  
Nor haste, nor flight tumultuous prove,  
But slowly, safely, surely, move.

He whose almighty power hath broke  
A heavier far than Egypt's yoke,  
Whose love has foil'd the tyrant's wrath,  
Still guides and guards his people's path.

Not their's the fugitive's escape  
 Whom dangers daunt in every shape ;  
 Not their's the captive's hurried pace  
 Who fears the conq'ror's eager chace.

Captives they were in slavery's hour,  
 Now more than conq'rors through His power  
 Who lov'd, redeem'd, and set them free,  
 And bade them his salvation see.

Slow, safe, and sure the path assign'd,  
 God moves before them, and behind,  
 Present to faith, when lost to sight,  
 Their cloud by day, their fire by night.



#### CHRIST'S ATONEMENT.

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“But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed.”—Isaiah, liii. 5.

---

LORD ! hast thou meekly suffer'd thus  
 For fall'n and guilty man ?  
 And shall we coldly now discuss  
 Thy love's stupendous plan ?

Nay, not thy gospel's scheme alone,—  
 False reason, soaring high,  
 Which thy *Atonement* would disown,  
 Thy *Godhead* dares deny.

But those whom faith has given to learn  
 Of grace each type and sign,  
 In each, through all, alike discern  
 A *Source*, and *Power* divine !

These, knowing that they are but dust,  
 Thy word of truth believe,  
 Place in that word their simple trust,  
 And faith from Thee receive.

Thy Holy Spirit's aid they crave  
 To make thy counsel known ;  
 This shows a Saviour, prompt to save,  
 Almighty to atone.

Then Christ is precious in their sight ;  
 For them the Lamb was slain,  
 And in His glorious life and light  
 Their souls are born again.

Born to a life which shall not cease,—  
 His stripes their wounds have heal'd,  
 And by His chastisement of peace  
 Their peace with God is seal'd.

## THE ONLY SAFE GLORY.

---

“ But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.”—Jeremiah, ix. 4.

---

LET not the mighty glory in his might,  
 Let not the wise be of his wisdom proud,  
 Let not the rich man in his wealth delight,  
 For these shall vanish like a summer cloud.

But he that glorieth—let it be alone  
 In understanding, Lord! and knowing thee,  
 Through mercy, judgment, righteousness made known  
 His strength, his wisdom, and his wealth to be.

This is the understanding which makes wise,  
 Wise to salvation :—this the knowledge still  
 Which, far surpassing all the world supplies,  
 Restrains the passions, sanctifies the will.



He who thus glories only seeks to show  
 His rev'rent homage to the Lord of all ;  
 His is the lowly pride the humble know,  
 The exaltation which can fear no fall.

---

THE BLESSINGS OF EARLY RESTRAINT.

---

“It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him. He putteth his mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope.”—Lamentations, iii. 27—29.

---

LORD, bless'd is he who learns to bear  
 Thy yoke in tender youth ;  
 Whom teachings of thine own prepare  
 Betimes to know thy truth.

Good is it—in thy holy sight,  
 Who view'st with partial eyes,  
 E'en with a Father's fond delight  
 Such early sacrifice.

Good is it for Thy church's sake ;  
For he, thus taught to bear,  
A pillar in that church shall make,  
And show thy praises there.

And goodly is the portion still  
Of him, whoe'er he be,  
Who early knows thought, word, and will,  
Subjected unto Thee.

His shall be light in darkest hour,  
His—patient waiting too ;—  
In Thy unfailing arm of power  
His strength shall he renew.

He shall sit silently, alone,  
His mouth as in the dust,  
To see Thy holier hope made known,  
In which is plac'd his trust.

To him, in Thy appointed time,  
That hope shall yet appear,  
Whose power, eternal and sublime,  
Can cast out every fear.

## A NEW HEART, AND A NEW SPIRIT.

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“A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh.”—Ezekiel, xxxvi. 26.

---

CHRISTIAN, behold a simple test,  
Which, in the light of truth, makes known,  
As God can only manifest,  
Who are, and who are not his own.

What know'st thou of a heart thus chang'd ?  
Or is thine what it was of old,  
From God and things divine estrang'd,  
Obdurate, earthy, stony, cold ?

What know'st thou of the holy birth  
Of this new spirit, born within ?  
Is thine still fetter'd to the earth,  
The sport of folly, slave of sin ?

Trust not a name, whate'er it be,  
If still thy nature be the same :—  
The faith which wins no more for thee  
Will prove, indeed, an empty name.

Turn inward to the work afresh,  
 Waiting and watching unto prayer;  
 So may'st thou know a heart of flesh  
 Thy stony one supplanting there.

Humbly implore, for Jesu's sake,  
 Whose name is yet with power endued,  
 That through His grace thou may'st partake  
 A spirit livingly renew'd.

No outward homage of the lip  
 Can christian fellowship impart;  
 The badge of true discipleship  
 Is change of spirit, and of heart.

---

#### HOPE LEFT WHILE THE ROOT LIVES.

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“Nevertheless leave the stump of his roots in the earth, even with a band of iron and brass, in the tender grass of the field, and let it be wet with the dew of heaven.”— Daniel, iv. 15.

---

HATH not the vision now  
 Its sure interpretation? Are there not  
 Roots, bearing trunk nor bough,  
 Yet living in the earth, unseen, forgot?

Is there not, known to Thee,  
 Saviour and Lord, the church's living Head !  
 Full many a goodly tree  
 Whose early shoots by Thee were nurtur'd, fed ?

But when thou hadst a right  
 To look for fruit, on these no fruit was found :  
 Their beauty thou didst blight ;  
 With brass and iron thou their root hast bound.

Such are existing yet,  
 Permitted in thy boundless love to live ;  
 May heavenly dews still wet,  
 And tender grass its nourishment still give.

That so each hidden root  
 Spared by Thy mercy thus to live unseen,  
 In days to come may shoot,  
 And once more wave its branches fresh and green.

Thy hand, which did not spare  
 The barren beauty of its earlier days,  
 May cause it yet to bear  
 Immortal fruit to Thy eternal praise.

## THE FRAILTY OF MAN'S GOODNESS.

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“O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.”—Hosea, vi. 4.

---

SUCH the transient influence now  
 Of too many a fervent vow ;  
 Such in spirit and in span,  
 Goodness deem'd innate in man.

Like a morning cloud it flies,  
 Like the early dew up-dries,  
 Brief as bright, and frail as brief,  
 Like the changing Cistus' leaf.

Clouds which bear the welcome shower  
 Wait not on man's fancied power ;  
 Dews that nourish where they fall  
 Come not when he deigns to call.

Blossoms time may not impair  
 Deathless Amaranths must bear ;  
 And the goodness which shall live  
 God alone to man can give.

Judah's God, and Ephraim's Lord,  
 Unto us thy grace accord ;  
 Make *Thy* gracious goodness known,  
 Show how trustless is *our own*.

Morning clouds, though bright their dyes,  
 Fade before our thirsty eyes ;  
 Dews which early pass away  
 Leave our hearts to drought a prey.

Give us darker clouds, whose gloom  
 Bears rich blessings in its womb ;  
 Heavier dews which fall at eve,  
 Whence *Thy* seed may life receive.



#### SIN'S DEVASTATIONS NOT IRREPARABLE.

---

“ And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten, the canker-worm, and the caterpillar, and the palmer-worm, my great army which I sent among you.”—Joel, ii. 25.

---

MOURNERS, whose hearts are oft afraid,  
 Whose eyes are fill'd with frequent tears,  
 Viewing the havoc sin has made  
 In darker days of former years ;—  
 Look unto Him whose arm made bare,  
 Each devastation can repair.

At His commandment yet may thrive  
 Of purer life each hidden germ,  
 And bring forth fruit which shall survive  
 The canker and the palmer-worm :  
 The locusts' spoil, of years gone by,  
 To you His mercy can supply.

'Tis well that man's awaken'd sense  
 Should trace the past with fear and shame ;  
 Should know his enemies, and whence  
 Each hydra-headed monster came ;  
 Yet not less needful he should feel  
 Whose hand can every ravage heal.

Thus taught, the humble heart shall own  
 Its deadliest foes are born within ;  
 That God hath made the spoilers known,  
 The spoil'd unto himself to win ;  
 Rendering the former, by His might,  
 An army for His cause to fight.



THE FAMINE OF THE WORD.

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“Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.”—Amos, viii. 11.

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O LORD, avert from us this day  
Of famine’s fiercest strife;  
And take not from our souls the stay  
And staff of endless life.

Though we too often have preferr’d  
Time’s transitory things  
Before thy pure and precious word  
Which sure salvation brings;

Yet suffer not our souls to know  
*This* famine, worst of all;  
Lest, victims to its wasting woe,  
We miserably fall.

O rather, since the power is thine,  
While yet thy word is near,  
Compel us by thy voice divine  
To lend a wakeful ear.

Though justly stern its tones may sound,  
 These thou canst teach to bear;  
 Far better judgment reign around  
 Than silence and despair.

Although the food Thy word may give  
 Be wormwood to the soul,  
 Better it is on this to live,  
 Than pleasure's sparkling bowl.

Oh, teach us most that death to fear,  
 By inward famine slain,  
 Which, dying, thirsts thy voice to hear,  
 Yet thirsts, alas, in vain.



# PRIDE REPROVED.



“Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord.”—Obadiah, verse 4.



Who art thou, that, soaring high,  
 Pride of heart thy bosom swelling,  
 Look'st around with haughty eye,  
 Trusting in thy lofty dwelling?

Stoop thy wing, or thou'rt undone;  
 Let not pride of heart deceive thee;  
 He, the High and Holy One,  
 Of thy dwelling shall bereave thee.

Though, 'till check'd by wrath, or love,  
 Far from earth thy spirit wing thee,—  
 Rear its home the stars above,—  
 Yet from thence the Lord shall bring thee.

Bring thee down, and lay thee low,  
 Lower than the most inglorious;  
 Soon thy humbled pride shall know  
 His almighty arm victorious.

Then forbear to trust thy flight,  
 Even to the eagle's pinion;  
 Learn in time Jehovah's might;  
 Bow to God's supreme dominion.

Kiss the Son lest he be wrath,  
 Dare not with the Word dissemble,  
 Choose a humbler, safer path;  
 Know thyself, and fear, and tremble.

## USELESS FLIGHT.

---

“But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord.”—Jonah, i. 3.

---

AND couldst thou fancy, then,  
Tarshish beyond the ken  
Of Him whose presence fills unbounded space?  
Who, from the heavens on high,  
With sleepless searching eye,  
Even the depths of hell itself can trace?

Weak though the thought might be,  
There are who censure thee,  
Who would no less God's holy presence shun;  
Weakness surpassing thine,  
Whose mission, though divine,  
Might hope to win belief from few or none.

Such, when they feel within  
 His power convict of sin,  
 Turn from the witness for His righteous will;  
 In earth's delusive joys,  
 In business, strife, and noise,  
 Striving to drown the voice they cannot still.

As well to Tarshish flee,  
 As hope to 'scape from Thee,  
 God omnipresent, and omnipotent !  
 Closing with coward fear  
 That inward eye and ear,  
 Whose powers for nobler purposes were lent.

Ungrateful, and absurd;—  
 E'en by the deafest heard,  
 Thy still small voice shall speak in thrilling tone,  
 On the eye's darkest night  
 Shall burst thy piercing light,  
 In judgment or in mercy *both* be known !

## HOPE IN CONFLICT.

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“Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy : when I fall I shall arise ; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.”  
—Micah, vii. 8.

---

REJOICE not over me, my foe,  
Though fall’n, I am not slain ;  
In mightier power than thou canst know  
I shall arise again.

Think not, though clouds may gather round,  
That mine is starless night ;  
Even amid that gloom profound  
The Lord will be my light.

Such is their language, Lord, whose hearts  
All confidence disown,  
Save what Thy word of truth imparts,  
And crave Thy power alone.

These, even while they mourn each fall,  
And view *themselves* with shame,  
On Thee, afresh, for succour call,  
And trust a Saviour’s name.

Thou art to them in darkest hour  
Their comfort, hope, and stay;  
Well knowing that thy arm of power  
Can make their darkness day.

These meekly strive to bear thy rod  
With patient, reverend awe,  
Conscious that they, O righteous God,  
Have disobey'd thy law.

Yet, in their chastisement they place  
Full confidence in Thee,  
And for thy holy gift of grace,  
Before Thee bend the knee ;

Imploring Thou wilt plead aright  
Their cause, their struggles bless;  
And bring them forth unto the light  
To see thy righteousness.

## COMFORT IN A CLOUDY DAY.

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“The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind, and in the storm,  
and the clouds are the dust of his feet.”—Nahum, i. 3.

---

EXPECT not, pilgrim, Zion-ward,  
A bright sky always will be thine,  
Or that the presence of thy Lord  
Will constantly around thee shine :  
If all were clear, around, above,  
What test could prove thy faith and love ?

In storm or whirlwind, as in wrath,  
He holds unseen his righteous way,  
Dark clouds denote his viewless path,  
And thine may seem a winter's day,  
Yet not the less His path may be  
One of unbounded love to thee,



Be patient, though the sea be made  
 Before him like a desert, dry,—  
 Though Bashan languish, Carmel fade,  
 And flowers of Lebanon may die;  
 Yet slow to anger is the Lord,  
 A tower of strength His name ador'd.

The Lord is good : He still remains,  
 As in the ancient days of old,  
 When doubt, or fear, or trouble reigns,  
 A strong, a safe, a stedfast Hold ;  
 When hearts are faint, and eyes are dim,  
 He knoweth them that trust in Him.

---

#### GETTING TO THE WATCH-TOWER.

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“I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reprov'd.”—Habakkuk, ii. 1.

---

OH, were this waiting, watching frame  
 Yet more and more the Christian's aim ;  
 Yet more and more his inward eye  
 The Saviour's kingdom should descry.

Yet more and more his inward ear  
Of holiest oracles should hear;  
Yet more and more his heart should feel  
What God will only there reveal.

'Tis not by running to and fro,  
The language of the Lord we know;  
On the lone watch-tower of the heart  
His truth he will himself impart.

There must the Christian watch and pray,  
Waiting to hear what God shall say;  
There be instructed to reply  
When he shall be reprov'd on high.

But thou hast watch'd and waited there,  
And found no answer unto prayer;  
To thee the vision will not come,  
To thee the Oracle is dumb.

What said the Lord unto the seer,  
Who thus resolv'd in holy fear?  
The vision, for a time deferr'd,  
Shall in the end be seen and heard.

Oh, let not, then, thy faith be weak,  
For, in the end, its voice shall speak,  
And in the Lord's appointed time  
That voice shall teach thee truths sublime.

## THE LUKEWARM THREATENED.

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“And it shall come to pass at that time, that I will search Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men that are settled on their lees: that say in their heart, the Lord will not do good, neither will he do evil.”—Zephaniah, i. 12.

---

ZION's children, sunk in ease,  
 From your dang'rous rest awaken;  
 Spirits, settled on your lees,  
 By the Lord ye shall be shaken.

Say not in your hearts “from God  
 Good or ill no more proceedeth,  
 What the paths by mortals trod,  
 He, the Lord, no longer heedeth.”

Know ye, that the time draws nigh,  
 When the Lord, his power revealing,  
 Hearts will search, and reins will try,  
 Unto each in turn appealing.

He Jerusalem will search  
 By his own illumination,  
 He will visit yet his church,  
 Proving every man's foundation.

Unto you, who sit at ease,  
 Shall the trumpet sound in Zion;  
 You too, settled on your lees,  
 Shall be rous'd by Judah's lion.

For that trumpet will reveal  
 Joy or woe for endless ages,  
 And that lion will unseal  
 Life's or death's eventful pages.



#### A CALL TO BUILD THE LORD'S HOUSE.

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“Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house to lie waste?”—Haggai, i. 4.

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O YE, who in ceil'd houses live,  
 Can you, escaping guilt and shame,  
 Delay unto the Lord to give  
 A habitation for his name?

If thus the prophet spoke of yore,  
 Chiding the people's long delay,  
 Whose hands were slack to build once more  
 A fabric which should pass away;

Doth not the Spirit now upbraid,  
 Though with a voice of love divine,  
 Hearts as reluctant, or afraid  
 To rear a holier, purer shrine ?

To such, the language of the Lord  
 Is now, “ Consider ye your ways !”  
 Why build ye not, with one accord,  
 A temple worthy of my praise ?

My gifts and graces were not meant  
 Ceil'd houses unto you to give,  
 Wherein, supinely indolent,  
 Each one unto himself might live.

I gave them that mine eye might see  
 Uprear'd, an edifice divine,  
 And *you* the *living stones* should be  
 To form this glorious house of mine.

## THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

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“In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness.”—Zechariah, xiii. 1.

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FROM Zion's holy mountain  
The tidings loud proclaim ;  
The Lord hath op'd a fountain,  
Salvation is its name.

Its purifying waters,  
The house of David know,  
And Salem's sons and daughters,  
There wash'd, are white as snow.

From sin and from uncleanness  
That fountain can redeem ;  
There age may find fresh greenness,  
Thence youth with wisdom teem.

The blind and deaf, there drinking,  
 At once both see and hear ;  
 The lame, with feet unshrinking,  
 Are swift, as is the deer.

The dumb, who seek in sadness  
 That water's living spring,  
 In grateful songs of gladness  
 Its hallow'd praises sing.

Breaking each chain asunder,  
 That fount can freedom give ;  
 And, all-surpassing wonder,  
 Hath caus'd the dead to live !

“ Whence flows this tide of healing,  
 That does such wond'rous things ?  
 Oh haste, its source revealing,  
 That *I* may seek its springs.”

Sinner, thy prayer is granted,  
 It flows from Jesu's side ;  
 Thence, whatsoe'er is wanted,  
 To man must be supplied.

GOD CHALLENGETH THE PROOF OF HIS  
GOODNESS.

---

“Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”—Malachi, iii. 10.

---

THUS, though to many a doubtful ear,  
Spoke the divinely gifted seer ;  
And such, to many a faltering will,  
May be Truth’s living language still.

Are there not, gracious Lord, whom thou  
Hadst crown’d with blessings long ere now.  
Had but obedience to thy grace  
With knowledge kept proportion’d pace?

But disobedience, like a blight,  
Hath made us dwarfish in thy sight,  
Nipt bud and blossom, leaf and shoot,  
And robb’d thee of thy promis’d fruit.



And hence of word, of deed, of thought,  
 We to thy house no tithes have brought,  
 'Till, keeping back thy just demand,  
 We dwell as in a thirsty land.

Yet e'en from us, so far aloof,  
 Thy goodness deigus to challenge proof;  
 Still thou art calling for thine own,  
 Only to make Thy bounty shown.

Your tithes into my storehouse bring,  
 Confess me as your Priest and King;  
 The riches of my grace shall prove  
 The plenitude of pardoning love.

Heav'n's windows I will open wide,  
 Pour blessings down on every side,  
 'Till, in your overflowing store,  
 Your hearts can find no room for more.

Such *was* the challenge from on high,  
 Of Him whose word can never lie;  
 Not only, Lord! that word renew,  
 But give the faith to prove it true.

## A REFLECTION.



OH! were I borne in spirit to the time  
Which *now* the progress of my task hath won;  
That era long foretold by seers sublime,  
When, born of woman, God's incarnate Son  
Came to atone for folly, sin, and crime,  
And ransom man, without his aid undone;  
Fulfilling in himself each sign and rite,  
And making known his gospel's glorious light!

Who, plac'd on such ideal eminence,—  
But many a thoughtful glance must round him  
cast?  
Viewing, as with an eye of faith intense,  
Now the more shadowy glories of the past,  
Sublimely grand in dark magnificence,  
And splendidly imposing to the last;—  
Then, turning from them, trembling, to survey  
The gentler dawning of the gospel day.

In calm effulgence rises Bethlehem's Star  
 Over the yet untravell'd holy ground ;  
 There Calv'ry's hill uplifts its Cross afar,  
 As with a diadem of brightness crown'd,  
 Majestic beauty ! with no cloud to mar,  
 Like those which hover'd Sinai's heights around :—  
 And here the Mount of Olives to the sky  
 Uprears its leafy coronal on high.

How lovely, yet how solemn is the scene !  
 Scene worthy of the truths which wait us there ;  
 And hark ! the silent intervals between,  
 In silvery tones float on the midnight air,  
 Glad songs that hail the new-born Nazarene !  
 Songs in which angel hosts with transport share ;  
 Such as no more shall fall on mortal ears,  
 'Till heavenly music shall untune the spheres.

## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

---

“And lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.”—  
Matthew, ii. 9.

---

BRIGHT in the eastern firmament  
 The star upon the Magi smil'd;  
 Before them in their progress went,  
 And led them to the Heavenly Child.

Had fear or doubt their hearts assail'd,  
 Had they refus'd to follow on,  
 Little to them it had avail'd  
 That thus before their steps it shone.

But when its glory they espied,  
 Their hearts rejoic'd that star to greet;  
 And, trusting in their heavenly guide,  
 It led them to the Saviour's feet.

Nor need we vainly envy them;  
 Still shines within a Heavenly Light,  
 Which, like the Star of Bethlehem,  
 Would guide our onward course aright.

But if, when we that Light discern,  
 We doubt its mission is divine,  
 And from its guidance coldly turn,  
 Can we expect it still to shine?

Those who thus venture to reject  
 What none too gratefully could prize,  
 Too late may mourn that long neglect  
 Has veil'd its glory from their eyes.

But they who, following on, adore  
 The Giver of its guiding ray,  
 Shall find it shine yet more and more,  
 Unto the pure and perfect day.



#### THE FIRST BEATITUDE.

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“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”—Matthew, v. 3.

---

WOULD'ST thou share this benediction,  
 Things of time surpassing far,  
 First be taught by truth's conviction  
 Who the poor in spirit are.

In the sight of fortune's minions  
 They are worthless, mean, and low ;  
 In their own severe opinions  
 Of themselves far worse they know.

In the world's cold estimation  
 Undeserving of esteem ;—  
 In their self-humiliation  
 Such unto themselves they seem.

But let truth extend thy vision  
 Through this fleeting span of time,  
 Their's will be, by sure decision,  
 Wealth exhaustless, joys sublime.

Watchful, patient, meek, and lowly.  
 Wise—in wisdom from above,  
 In their life and converse holy,  
 Full of faith, and full of love ;

Grateful, *here*, to be cross-bearers,  
 For the Saviour's sake, they live ;  
 And, *hereafter*, shall be wearers  
 Of the crowns that He will give.

Such, alone, the poor in spirit !  
 Heirs, through faith, of things divine ;  
 And the kingdom they inherit,  
 Faith like their's must render thine.

## AS UNTO GOD, NOT UNTO MAN.

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“Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance ; for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you they have their reward.”  
—Matthew, vi. 16.

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WHEN thou a fast wouldst keep,  
Make not its homage cheap,  
By publishing its signs to every eye ;  
But let it be between  
Thyself and THE UNSEEN ;  
So shall it gain acceptance from on high.

God will no rival brook !  
Austere, or mournful look,  
Meant human eye to catch, or heart to move ;  
Seeking but man's applause,  
Glory from God withdraws,—  
Treason His Spirit sternly will reprove.

From inward exercise,  
 At seasons, will arise  
 Dark clouds, which cast their shadow on the brow ;  
 Yet darker to impart,  
 Shows a divided heart,  
 Which makes the world a witness of its vow.

Nor think in fasts alone,  
 The precept here made known,  
 Instruction to the Christian's heart should teach ;  
 In alms, in prayer, in praise—  
 A lesson it conveys,  
 'Twere wise to learn, and good to feel in each.

Doth it not tend to show  
 That *all* which seeks below  
 The glory and reward it most desires,  
 Howe'er on earth esteem'd,  
 Will not by God be deem'd  
 That homage of the heart which he requires.



## SINGLENES OF EYE.

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“The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.”—Matthew, vi. 22.

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HIS that single eye shall be,  
 Who but looks to Christ alone;  
 Trusting through his power to see  
 Truths discern'd not by his own.

Not by fancy's roving sight,  
 Not by reason's glance of pride,  
 Is beheld that holier Light  
 Which should be the Christian's guide.

This the aid of grace divine  
 Must unto the soul display;  
 And within the heart must shine  
 Its illuminating ray.

He who would that ray discern,—  
He who would its guidance share,  
Inward must his vision turn,  
Wait and watch its rising there.

Unto him it shall arise,  
As the day from darkness springs,  
Brighter far than morning's skies,  
Bearing healing on its wings.

His shall be faith, joy, and love.  
His—the arm of heavenly might ;  
His—the vision from above ;  
His—" the body full of light."

Such the blessings Christ will give,  
Those who in his power abide,  
Seeking but in Him to live  
Simple-hearted, single-eyed !

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

---

“Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.”—Matthew, vi. 32.

---

LORD! when we seek thy throne of grace  
To crave a blessing there,  
O let not earthly things have place,  
Unduly, in our prayer.

To know that 'tis thy bounteous hand  
Our daily bread bestows;  
To feel it is from thy command  
Each added blessing flows;

This we may humbly know, and feel,  
But let not worldly store  
One thought excite which would reveal  
A craving thirst for more.

Thou knowest well what things we need;  
Oh, give us faith to see  
That *such* necessities can plead  
Their own brief wants with Thee.

But teach us in the solemn hour  
Of supplication, still  
Simply to crave of Thee the power  
To do thy holy will.

To feel that thy protecting care  
From evil is our shield ;  
To see, in dark temptation's snare,  
Thy arm for us reveal'd ;

To know thy kingdom here on earth  
Within our hearts increase,  
And prove the all-surpassing worth  
Of thy pure gift of peace ;—

Be such our prayers ! For all beside  
Thy word a pledge shall be,  
For Thou hast promis'd to provide  
For all who follow Thee.

## HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.

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“ But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the sabbath day.”— Matthew, xxiv. 20.

---

THOSE who have watch'd the changeful forms  
Of clouds and sunshine, calms and storms,  
Unto the christian pilgrim known,  
Will often make this prayer their own.

Dark hours there are of doubt and fear,  
With scarce one ray of light to cheer,  
When hope appears for ever fled,  
And every holy feeling dead.

When gourds we rear'd around us die,  
And winter rules o'er earth and sky;  
'Till languishing for happier bowers,  
We wish the dove's fleet pinions our's.

Yet perilous our flight might be,  
If at such seasons we could flee;  
Safer it is to seek, by prayer,  
The root within, and center there.

Hours, too, there are, more blest and bright,  
 When all around, above, seems light ;  
 Moments, whose influence can impart  
 A sabbath feeling to the heart.

In that sweet sabbath of the soul,  
 We think we near our heavenly goal ;  
 And, too impatient of delay,  
 Our thoughts would soar from earth away.

Yet, in such thought-transporting thrill,  
 Wisdom's safe watch-word is, " Be still !"  
 Dwell deep in faith, trust not to sight,  
 Nor venture on unbidden flight.

O Lord ! in each extreme we know,  
 Thy will, our only signal, show ;  
 In heights, in depths, be Thou our stay,  
 In winter, or in sabbath day.

## PROGRESSIVE GROWTH.

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“First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.”  
—Mark, iv. 28.

---

FAITH must anoint the eye to see ;  
 Love the awaken'd heart must warm ;  
 Grace must from sin's dominion free ;  
 And growth in grace the saint must form.

For by degrees the work of God  
 Is in the heart of man reveal'd ;—  
 There, first, conviction's chast'ning rod  
 That desert makes a furrow'd field.

Prepar'd for culture from on high,  
 There grace divine the seed must sow ;  
 And there, uprising to the eye,  
 The blade must first its greenness show.

That blade which, warm'd by light and love,  
 Water'd by dews of reverent fear,  
 Aspiring to its source above,  
 Shall bear the yet unripen'd ear.

And, lastly, must the ear, matur'd,  
 The fulness of its corn possess,  
 Ere in the garner safe secur'd  
 The Husbandman his toil may bless.

Such is the gradual growth of grace ;  
 And those who well the work survey,  
 In each successive stage may trace,  
 Abundant cause for such delay.

Who can at once deliverance gain  
 From all that has enslav'd, enticed ?  
 Or hope abruptly to attain  
 The stature of a man in Christ ?



## THE TERMS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

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“Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”—Mark, viii. 34.

---

THE terms are set before thee,  
 The path a Saviour trod ;  
 No other can restore thee  
 To favour with thy God.

The way of self-denial,  
 The world's contemptuous frown,  
 The cross's fearful trial,—  
 Are preludes to the crown.

Christ suffer'd these to save thee,  
 Each in its worst degree ;  
 Oh, let them not out-brave thee,  
 His lowly follower be.

Though trustless and unsteady,  
 Thou know'st thy feeble heart,  
 A Saviour's love is ready  
 Assistance to impart.

Though many a sore transgression  
Upon thy conscience lie,  
A Saviour's intercession  
May plead for thee on high.

If thou, in deep repentance,  
Wilt bow before His love,  
Thy sins,—their fearful sentence,  
Are blotted out above.

If thou, thyself denying,  
Thy cross for Him wilt wear,  
His grace, its aid supplying,  
Thy crown will yet prepare.

But if thou slight His offers,  
Thy life is but a breath,  
Nor can wealth's richest coffers  
Redeem thy soul from death !

## ASPIRATIONS AFTER FAITH.

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“ Lord, I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.”— Mark, ix. 24.

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WHAT prayer can conscious weakness frame,  
God more delights to bless,  
Than that which, making faith its aim,  
Yet mourns its faithlessness ?

Are there not, Lord, who would believe  
The power thy word imparts,  
Who often would that power receive,  
With joyful, grateful hearts ;

But unbelief comes in to blight  
Thy harvest in the soul,  
And o’er thy holy, heavenly light  
The clouds of doubt to roll ?

Nor is it strange it should be thus ;  
Inscrutable thy ways,  
Which he whose reason would discuss,  
But finds an endless maze.

To such what prayer can thought accord  
 More simple, humble, brief?  
 Than crying—"I believe, O Lord!  
 Help thou mine unbelief."

This is that lowly frame of mind,  
 To which thy gracious will  
 The blessed promise once assign'd,  
 Thy power would yet fulfil:

That all is possible to him  
 Who full belief can own;  
 Whose eye, through faith, no longer dim,  
 Is fix'd on Thee alone.



#### ONE THING WANTING.

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"Then Jesus beholding him, loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest,"—Mark, x. 21.

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THERE yet are many such  
 Who keep in good degree the moral law;  
 Whose hearts have felt the touch  
 Of love divine which unto Christ would draw.

On whom a gracious Lord  
Hath look'd with love which should their souls  
enthral ;

To whom he would accord  
The power to follow Him, forsaking all.

But, when the terms they hear,  
They turn reluctant, sorrowful, away ;  
Something is still too dear,  
For them such hard conditions to obey.

No common impulse mov'd  
A proselyte so ardent, blameless, true ;  
Jesus beheld, and lov'd !  
Yet the inquirer mournfully withdrew.

Withdrew, no more, perchance,  
To hear those winning accents ; or to see  
That eye's persuasive glance,  
Whose language said, " Leave all, and follow me !"

Oh, ye, who, like this youth,  
In spirit have with the Redeemer met,  
Believe the voice of Truth,  
Pleading in love, " One thing is lacking yet."

Forfeit not heavenly bliss,  
 Whate'er of earthly good your own ye call ;  
 But know, that, lacking this,  
 Death will o'ertake you destitute of all !



PROMPT FORGIVENESS ENJOINED.



“ And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any.”—Mark, xi. 25.



WAIT not until prayer be ended,  
 To forgive thy direst foe ;  
 With thy prayer be pardon blended,  
 If forgiveness thou wouldst know :  
 From this precept shouldst thou start,  
 Thine is not a praying heart.

Praying hearts can never cherish  
 Thoughts of bitterness, or strife ;  
 In their presence soon must perish  
 Prayer's true element, and life :  
 If from faith thy prayer up-springs,  
 Love must lend it heaven-ward wings.

Shouldst thou, then, in thy devotion,  
 Feel against thy brother aught,  
 Instantly, with deep emotion,  
 Check each unforgiving thought ;  
 While thy heart resentment bears,  
 God will never hear thy prayers.

Neither think thou of delaying ;  
 Hatred on delay can live ;—  
 Even while thou standest praying,  
 Freely, heartily forgive ;  
 Or, whate'er thy sins may be,  
 Hope not God will pardon thee.

Should thy resolution falter,  
 Hatred has thy heart defil'd ;  
 Leave thy gift before the altar,  
 First to man be reconcil'd,—  
 Then, forgiveness having shown,  
 Pray, that it may be thine own.

## WATCHFULNESS IMPERATIVE ON ALL.

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“And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”—Mark.  
xiii. 37.

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ART thou a sinner, from the sleep  
Which ends in death awaking?  
Be rous'd this holy watch to keep,  
Through grace thy sins forsaking.

Have growing light and added power  
Been unto thee extended?  
Forsake not thou thy fortress-tower,  
Nor deem the watch suspended.

Only while vigilance is thine,  
Canst thou expect the blessing  
Their Lord and Master will assign  
To pilgrims *onward* pressing.

Art thou a saint, by grace redeem'd,  
Through Christ's atoning merit?  
Be not the watch-word disesteem'd,  
If life thou would'st inherit.



'The higher ground thou may'st have gain'd,  
 Its counsel more is needed ;  
 Nor can thy safety be maintain'd,  
 The watch-tower left unheeded.

In light or darkness, joy or woe,  
 By good or ill surrounded,  
 Thy hope of conquest o'er each foe  
 On watchfulness is founded.

Not in the wisdom, or the might  
 Of man,—for these will fail thee,  
 When powers of darkness, born of night,  
 In conflict shall assail thee.

The watchfulness that slumbers not  
 Must be through grace imparted ;  
 By faith and prayer it is begot,  
 And saves the simple-hearted.

## RETIREMENT AND PRAYER.

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“And he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed.”—  
Luke, v. 16.

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IF thus our Lord himself withdrew,  
Stealing at times away,  
E'en from the lov'd, the chosen few,  
In solitude to pray,  
How should his followers, frail and weak,  
Such seasons of retirement seek.

Seldom amid the strife and din  
Of sublunary things,  
Can spirits keep their watch within,  
Or plume their heaven-ward wings;  
He must dwell deep, indeed, whose heart  
Can thus fulfil true wisdom's part.

Not in our own spontaneous will  
 Can we the world shut out,—  
 Say to our passions, “Peace, be still!”  
 Or check each rising doubt;  
 Alone, by prayer, ’tis slowly won,  
 In the world’s throng too rarely done.

How needful is it, then, for man  
 From things of time to steal,  
 Those of eternity to scan,  
 Their magnitude to feel :—  
 The first are transitory, vain ;  
 The last for ever will remain.

Retirement must adjust the beam,  
 And prayer must poise the scales ;  
 Our Guide, Example, Head supreme,  
 In neither lesson fails ;  
 Oh, may we in remembrance bear,  
*He sought retirement,—practis’d prayer !*

## A CHRISTIAN'S REJOICING.

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“ Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you ; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.”— Luke, x. 20.

---

REJOICE not, or rejoice with awe,  
That subject spirits own your law ;  
That powers of darkness, wont to be  
Your masters,—from your presence flee.

If such dominion foster pride,  
With instant danger 'tis allied ;  
If meekly held, obey the voice  
Which bids you tremblingly rejoice.

When call'd to meet your foes in fight,  
'Tis good to feel your Saviour's might ;  
For victory grateful thanks may rise,  
But truest bliss still deeper lies.

The joy of heaven is *perfect* joy,  
 Which fear nor danger can alloy ;—  
 The purest man on earth can know  
 From love and gratitude must flow.

If faith a humble hope supply,  
 Thy name is register'd on high,  
 Though in no robe of triumph clad,  
 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad.

The power which fallen spirits dread,  
 Which can on serpents, scorpions, tread,  
 Such powers, could we command at will,  
 Yield but the joy of conflict still.

This latent perils may allure,  
 The hope of heaven is peaceful, pure ;  
 If faith this hope to thee assign,  
 Rejoice in Him who made it thine.

## WAITING IN READINESS.

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“Let your loins also be girded about, and your lights burning; and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.”—  
 Luke, xii. 35, 36.

---

GOOD is it thus to wait;  
 And joy shall be to them assign'd,  
 Whose hearts in such prepar'd estate,  
 Their Lord shall haply find.

With lights that shine and burn,  
 Girded in spirit, void of fear,  
 These shall their Lord's approach discern,  
 Rejoicing He is near.

Wisdom nor strength of ours  
 Can thus enable us to stand;  
 O Lord, thy grace alone empowers  
 To keep thy high command.

Thy Spirit's aid must gird  
 Our loins for thy approach divine ;  
 Our lamps with oil, by Thee conferr'd,  
 Alone can burn or shine.

Then grant thy heavenly aid,  
 That, when thy presence we must meet,  
 With rev'rent hearts, but undismay'd,  
 Thy coming we may greet.



#### CALLED, BUT NOT CHOSEN.



“ For I say unto you, that none of these men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.”— Luke, xiv. 24.



“ PRECEPT on precept, line on line,”  
 The gospel's hallow'd page imparts,  
 Fraught with intelligence divine  
 To humble and obedient hearts.

Teaching, not only that the call  
 Of love divine hath been made known,  
 Appealing tenderly to all,  
 Whether, or not, its voice they own ;

But proving, truth beyond all price,  
 If wisely learnt, and timely weigh'd,  
 Even that call will not suffice,  
 Unless by man it be *obeyed*.

Are there not those who oft have heard  
 This call their waken'd hearts within,  
 Who still obedience have deferr'd,—  
 Wedded to earth—enslav'd by sin ?

Before it be too late, O Lord !  
 Plead with us, though in judgment—plead.  
 That self and sin must be abhorr'd,  
 Ere at thy table we can feed.

Show that it can avail us nought,  
 But must our condemnation be,  
 To have been call'd, yet thereby brought  
 No nearer unto heaven and Thee.

Bring home the mournful language us'd  
 Here of each disobedient guest,  
 Who, call'd,—yet pray'd to be excus'd,  
 And, bidden, yet remain'd unblest.



## A WORD OF CAUTION.

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“Remember Lot’s wife.”—Luke, xvii. 32.

---

HERE, he who runs may plainly read,  
How little can a call avail ;  
How easy is it to proceed  
Some steps aright, and yet to fail.

How was she call’d ! nay, led perforce  
By guides commission’d from on high ;  
Who pointed out her onward course,  
Commanding her for life to fly.

To fly, nor once look back to trace  
The righteous vengeance of the Lord,  
Which, on the accurs’d and guilty place,  
Destruction’s fiery flood out-pour’d.

Thou who hast heard a voice within,  
 Bidding thee fly, nor look behind;  
 If tempted to look back on sin,  
 Bear this example in thy mind.

When but allur'd *in thought* to dwell  
 On scenes thought should indulge no more,  
 Recall the doom on her which fell,  
 And loathe what thou hast lov'd before.

Remember, for *the glance* she turn'd  
 To sin's abode from safety's path;  
 God, whose commandment she had spurn'd,  
 Made her a monument of wrath.

---

TO EACH HIS DUE.

---

“Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's,  
 and unto God the things which be God's.”—Luke, xx. 25.

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HAST thou unto superiors paid  
 The honour justly due?  
 To those in thy own sphere display'd  
 Love cordial, prompt, and true?

Hast thou to thy inferiors shown  
 The kindness they should claim,  
 Forborne all haughtiness of tone,  
 And each opprobrious name ?

All this is well ; but these alone  
 Can ne'er avail thee aught,  
 If to thy Maker's heavenly throne  
 No homage thou hast brought.

Or hast thou, in profession, been  
 A rigid devotee ;  
 In public worship often seen  
 To bend the willing knee ?

Faultless in every outward rite  
 Which marks discipleship,  
 And daily ready to recite  
 The homage of the lip ?

Yet these combin'd, when most sincere,  
 Imperfectly fulfil  
 The holy law recorded here,  
 If love be wanting still.

The love of God must be the root  
 Of worship, praise, and prayer ;  
 And love of man must be the fruit  
 Thy daily life should bear.

'This tribute paid to each—will draw  
 A blessing from above ;  
 And both combin'd fulfil the law  
 Of pure and perfect love.



### LIGHT AND DARKNESS.



“ And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not.”—John, i. 5.



JUST picture of the human mind,  
 Yet unregenerate, unrefin'd,  
 Ere the bright Day-Spring from on high  
 Our mental vision can espy.

Such was the night which shrouded earth  
 When Godhead stoop'd to human birth ;  
 When He, whose fiat worlds had fram'd,  
 Walk'd among men unknown, unnam'd !

As in His outward body, then,  
 He was rejected, scorn'd of men,  
 So in His inward coming now,  
 To Him we yet refuse to bow.

His heavenly light vouchsafes to shine  
 Within the heart's yet darken'd shrine,  
 But there, 'till grace hath life begot,  
 Our darkness comprehends it not.

But when his Spirit's quick'ning breath  
 Hath rous'd the heart, as if from death,  
 And given its powers a heaven-ward tone,  
 That heart becomes, indeed, His own !

To such he comes, a second time,  
 In Spirit, and in power sublime ;  
 By them He is with joy receiv'd,  
 By them His holy name believ'd.

To those who thus believe, and live,  
 The claim of sonship He will give,  
 Through which they shall be born anew,  
 And prove His gracious promise true.

Then grant, O God of grace divine,  
 That in our hearts thy light may shine ;  
 And bid those hearts be born again,  
 That there it may not shine in vain.

## THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH.

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“It is the spirit that quickeneth : the flesh profiteth nothing : the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.”  
—John, vi. 63.

---

If aught of flesh, or fleshly powers,  
Thy kingdom, Lord, could win,  
Then might we deem the glory ours,  
And pride would enter in.

But Thy unchanging word hath shown  
That these can nought avail,  
That all which man can call his own  
Must in this conflict fail.

And our experience proves it true,  
Instructed, day by day,  
How little all that we can do  
Can help us on our way.

Thy Spirit's quick'ning aid must give  
The power to come to Thee,  
The life whereby our souls must live,  
The light by which we see.

The gracious words thy lips have said,  
Are spirit, life indeed ;  
And Thou art still the living Bread,  
Whereon the soul must feed.

But those unto the fleshly heart,  
Nor life, nor spirit yield ;  
Nor wilt thou of thyself impart,  
Until by grace reveal'd.

Oh, give us, then, that heavenly grace,  
Through whose blest aid, alone,  
Our souls the mysteries can trace,  
Thy living words make known.

## TEARS.

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“Jesus wept.”—John, xi. 35.

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NOT worthless are the tears,  
When pure their fountain-head,  
Which human hopes and fears  
Compel us oft to shed.

In grief or joy they tell  
Far more than words can teach;  
Their silence hath a spell  
Beyond the power of speech.

In joy, though bright and brief,  
Its essence they make known;  
And how they soften grief  
The mourner's heart will own.

Yet tears there are which fall,  
Claiming a holier birth;  
Which come not at the call  
Of time's brief woe or mirth.



Tears which are shed, alone,  
For God's all-pard'ning love ;  
But to the mourner known,  
And Him who dwells above.

Can there be drops more pure,  
More precious, holy yet ;  
Whose record shall endure  
'Till time's last sun be set ?

Yes ! Tears once fill'd His eye,  
Beside a mortal's grave,  
Who left his throne on high,  
The lost to seek and save.

And fresh, from age to age,  
Their memory shall be kept ;  
While man shall bless the page  
Which tells that JESUS *wept* !

## QUICKENED, BUT HELPLESS.

---

“ And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes : and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.”—John, xi. 44.

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Is it not thus, in spirit, to this day,  
 With souls whom thou, O Lord, hast call'd from  
 death,  
 Who, powerless, helpless, fetter'd, thus obey  
 The summons of thy yet life-giving breath ?

Are there not those who, as in graves have lain,  
 Dead to the life which Thou alone canst give,  
 Until thy Spirit has recall'd again  
 Their souls, as from the dead, and bade them live ?

The voice hath been obey'd : obey'd so far,  
 That vital consciousness hath own'd thy will ;  
 But much remains thy triumph yet to mar,  
 And death's enthrallments keep us prisoners still.

Our grave-clothes cling around us ; we are bound,  
 And blinded by the trappings worn so long ;  
 Thy word once more must speak, and by its sound  
 Render the quicken'd, but still helpless strong.

Let not thy glorious work be incomplete ;  
 Thyself our perfect Resurrection show,  
 And deign the gracious mandate to repeat,  
 Which then pronounc'd, "Loose him, and let  
 him go."



#### PHILIP'S REQUEST.

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"Philip saith unto him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us."—John, xiv. 8.

---

HADST thou so long with Jesus been,  
 Beheld the mighty wonders done,  
 Yet ne'er through faith's strong vision seen  
 The Father dwelling in the Son ?

Had not the dead been rais'd to life,  
 The lame, the blind, the deaf been heal'd ?  
 Had not the waves' tumultuous strife,  
 Still'd by His voice, their Lord reveal'd ?

The words He utter'd day by day,  
 Could'st thou so darkly, dimly scan,  
 As not by glimpses to survey  
 The Deity but veil'd in man ?

Yet, who shall chide thee ? Are not we  
 Oft shadow'd by as dense a cloud,  
 As in that earlier day, from thee,  
 Thy Lord's divinity could shroud ?

The gospel page *without*, is spread,  
 Revealing truths then dimly shown,  
 Ere Christ ascended from the dead,  
 That man the Comforter might own.

*Within* the heart, his light and grace  
 Would now reveal his glory there,  
 Making that heart his dwelling-place,  
 A temple meet for praise and prayer.

But, like thyself, we would discern,  
 By outward vision, One divine,  
 When holier faith would have us learn  
 God's presence in his inward shrine.

Oh, may our hearts no longer wrong  
 The gracious words that answer'd Thee !—  
 Have I been with you, then, so long,  
 And ask ye yet your Lord to see ?

## THE BLESSED FAITH OF THE SAINTS.

---

“Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.”—John, xx. 29.

---

MOMENTS there are, in which 'tis well  
 To prove the fleece, both wet, and dry;  
 On every point of proof to dwell,  
 And every argument to try.

But times and seasons, too, there are,  
 When faith, if genuine faith it be,  
 Will find that doubt belief must mar,  
 And may not wait, or ask *to see*.

Where earnest wishes to believe  
 Are felt,—though doubt's dark maze be trod,  
 Such may, through grace, at last receive,  
 The power to say, “My Lord! My God!”—

But wiser, and more blest, are they,  
 Whose faith has less distrustful been;  
 Whose hearts, believing, can obey,  
 Even before the eye hath seen.

This is that high and holy faith,  
 Which grace divine alone can give;  
 Triumphant over sin and death,  
 Through doubt and darkness it can live.

In every trying time of need  
 Its influence falters not, nor faints,  
 But proves itself, in truth and deed,  
 That once deliver'd to the saints.

Those, who, confiding in its might,  
 Place in this principle their trust,  
 Shall walk by faith, and not by sight,  
 And share the glory of the just.

And bless'd are they who thus receive  
 The power which God within makes known:  
 Who, not beholding, can believe,  
 And live by faith in Christ alone.

## JUDAS ISCARIOT.

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“For he was numbered with us, and had obtained part of this ministry.”—Acts, i. 17.

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IF it were so with Thee,  
 Thus number'd, gifted, and yet insecure,  
 Oh, how much need have we  
 To make our calling and election sure !

What station can we win,  
 To rival the high rank which thou hadst won,  
 Ere treach'ry's fearful sin  
 Made thee, by emphasis, “perdition's son ?”

No follower of a day  
 Wert thou, no hasty proselyte to change ;  
 That *such* should fall away,  
 Nor then, nor now, could seem a marvel strange.

But thou long time hadst been  
 One of the few so honour'd, and preferr'd ;  
 Daily thy Lord hadst seen,  
 More often than the day his voice hadst heard.

Number'd among the elect,  
 Partaker in their ministry wert thou ;—  
 How could that hand, uncheck'd,  
 Give to its thorny crown thy Master's brow ?

There may be—in whose thought  
 Thy fall seems part of God's appointed plan ;  
 Hence with no lesson fraught,  
 Which *every* heart with fearful awe should scan.

I dare not so discuss  
 Myst'ries which reason cannot penetrate ;  
 Instructive, unto us,  
 Should be the lesson of thy fall'n estate.

Thou shouldst a watch-word be,—  
 A solemn and affecting one to ALL ;  
 And, while we mourn for thee,  
 Each should remember—" I may also fall !"



## PHILIP'S QUERY TO THE EUNUCH.

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“Understandest thou what thou readest?”—Acts, viii. 30.

How needful the inquiry still,  
 When we consult the sacred page,  
 Wherein God's high and holy will  
 Is yet reveal'd from age to age.

'Tis well of our own hearts to ask,  
 If what we read we comprehend?  
 Or worse than profitless a task,  
 Which may to condemnation tend.

We must not by our powers as men  
 Expect those oracles to know;  
 Or fathom, by our reason's ken,  
 The mighty depths conceal'd below.

Nor should we, with inactive mind,  
 Too much on others' aid rely,—  
 Trusting, like him of old, to find  
 Some Philip opportunely nigh.

In humble faith, with watchful prayer,  
 Dig for thyself within that mine;  
 God's holy grace must guide thee there,  
 And make its hidden treasures thine.

The Spirit, which gave Scripture birth,  
 Must yet interpret it to man,  
 Or much of its divinest worth  
 Dimly and darkly he must scan.

But, open'd by that heavenly key,  
 Which turns at God's divine command,  
 The eye its mysteries can see,—  
 The heart its truths can understand.

## PRAYER FOR HELP IN PRAYER.

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“Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities : for we know not what we should pray for as we ought : but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.”  
—Romans, viii. 26.

---

INTERCESSOR ! thron'd on high,  
Unto man thine aid supply ;  
By thy influence still prepare  
Humble hearts for holy prayer.

Dove-like, from on high, descend,  
With our thoughts and feelings blend,  
And the shadow of thy wing  
O'er our suppliant spirits fling.

Lend to our infirmities  
Living help, which grace supplies ;  
Thou, alone, canst teach alway  
What to pray for,—how to pray.

Nor alone instruct us how  
At the throne of grace to bow ;  
Far beyond our fervent prayer,  
Be thyself our Pleader there.

Thy blest ministry fulfil,  
Prove our Intercessor still ;  
Thy unutterable groans  
Far transcend all mortal tones.

Known to Him that searcheth hearts  
Every prayer thy aid imparts ;  
Thought and speech of ours may err,  
Be thou their Interpreter.

Where our thoughts amiss would plead.  
For their errors intercede ;  
And, where words of ours are vain,  
May Thy groans acceptance gain.

## HUMILITY AND FEAR EXPEDIENT.

---

“Well; because of unbelief they were broken off, and thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear.”—Romans, xi. 20.

---

HAST thou, by heavenly grace benign,  
 From the wild olive-tree,  
 Been grafted on th’ immortal Vine?  
 Yet fearful, lowly be.—

Rememb’ring this—that He, who gave  
 Thy honour’d station there,  
 Must bid thy bough in greenness wave,  
 And teach it fruit to bear.

Have others, native to the stem,  
 Been broken off, as sere?  
 Exult not proudly over them,  
 But view thyself with fear.

Think not that He, who look'd for fruit  
Upon the native bough,  
Will, in his own engrafted shoot,  
Of barrenness allow.

Thou wast there grafted to bring forth,  
In these degenerate days,  
Rich fruitage of immortal worth,  
To His eternal praise.

By faith thou standest; and they fell  
Because of unbelief;  
If doubt or pride in thee should dwell,  
Thy date, like theirs, is brief.

He, who the native branches smote,  
Though merciful, is just;  
He thy unfruitfulness will note,  
And lay thee in the dust.

## A CALL TO VIGILANCE.

---

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand : let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.”—Romans, xiii. 12.

---

SAVIOUR, and GOD ! impress on all  
 This awful portion of thy word ;  
 Bring home its solemn, fearful call,  
 To hearts that have too long demurr’d.

If, in the fancied shades of night,  
 Our souls have trusted,—Oh, display  
 The dawning of that heavenly light,  
 Which ushers in thy cloudless day !

If deeds of darkness we have done,  
 While night yet hover’d round our path,  
 Teach us hereafter such to shun,  
 Dreading thy day of righteous wrath.

'The night far spent, the day at hand,  
     Rouse us by thy life-giving breath ;  
 'That we before Thee yet may stand,  
     Nor sleep the awful sleep of death.

Convince us, if we hope to be  
     Accepted, in thy holy sight ;  
 Our spirits must be cloth'd by Thee,  
     In thy whole armoury of light.

Nor less the needful truth make known,  
     That none can be with *this* supplied,  
 Unless all armour of our own,  
     Trusted no more, be laid aside.

For none thy panoply can wear,  
     But those whom Thou hast first uncloth'd ;  
 And none thy cloudless day can bear,  
     But those who sin's dark night have loath'd.



## THE APOSTLE'S KNOWLEDGE.

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“For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.”—1 Corinthians, ii. 2.

---

WOULDST thou of knowledge, more and more,  
The sum and substance gain,—  
Adding to mind's immortal store,  
The wealth that shall remain ?—

O search not, with the learned Greek,  
In earthly wisdom's mine ;  
Nor, like the Jew, this treasure seek  
In outward rite or sign.

But seek thou, as th' Apostle sought,  
What far surpasseth show,  
In speech, in action, and in thought,  
Christ crucified to know.

This saving knowledge would'st thou learn,  
 From human lore conceal'd,  
 Thy thought and vision *inward* turn,  
 For there it is reveal'd.

There would the Lord anoint thine eye,  
 His glorious cross to see,  
 Which *to the world* can crucify,  
 The world, no less, *to Thee*.

His Spirit's deep baptismal power  
 Must aid that cross to bear ;  
 So shalt thou, in a future hour,  
 The crown of glory wear.

For God will, in the end, bestow  
 That crown on none beside  
 Those, who, like Paul, but seek to know  
 Christ, and him crucified !

## PRESENT VISION IMPERFECT.

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“For now we see through a glass darkly.”—1 Corinthians, xiii. 12.

---

DIM and dark our present vision,  
Through time's shadowy glass made known,  
When compar'd with views elysian,  
Which hereafter shall be shown.

Yet enough of glory,—beauty,—  
Here to faith's keen sight are given,  
To refresh the path of duty,  
And make glad the way to heaven.

See we not, beyond the portal  
Of the grave's brief resting-place,  
Glimpses of those joys immortal,  
Which await the heirs of grace?

Hear we not, at seasons stealing  
 On the spirit's wakeful ear,  
 Songs of praise, their bliss revealing,  
 Who once mourn'd and suffer'd here ?

Feel we not, at times, in sorrow—  
 Hopes whereon the heart can stay,  
 Prescient of a brighter morrow,  
 Which shall chase all griefs away !

Oh ! if such the hopes attendant,  
 While we dimly, darkly see,  
 How unspeakably transcendant,  
 Must the full fruition be ;—

When, eternity unfolding,  
 All the ransom'd hosts above,  
 Face to face their Lord beholding,  
 Join in songs of praise and love.

## THE EARTHY AND THE HEAVENLY.

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“And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.”—1 Corinthians, xv. 45.

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CAN we, in our final change,  
Hope this transformation strange,  
If we know not, ere that hour,  
Grace’s renovating power ?

If we bear about us still,  
Earthy image, carnal will ;  
When the final trump shall sound,  
Earthy we must still be found.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit  
Kingdom of th’ immortal Spirit ;  
Nor can souls corrupt through sin,  
Incorruption hope to win.

Wouldst thou, then, hereafter be  
 From the earthy image free,  
 Christ thy spirit must prepare  
 One more heavenly here to bear.

Who such impress would entrust  
 To the grave's unconscious dust,  
 Heedless, until life be done,  
 If the work have been begun ?

Seek, oh, seek, ere life shall close,  
 Him whose Spirit power bestows !  
 Crave of Him that power to give,  
 Die to self, through Him to live.

They who *thus* their Lord have known,  
 Shall his resurrection own ;  
 And their death, when they must die,  
 Be absorb'd in victory.

Victory over all of earth,  
 Which once gave its likeness birth,  
 Conquest won by Him, whose grace  
 Stamp'd *His* image in its place.

## A CHRISTIAN'S SAVOUR.

---

“ For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish.”—2 Corinthians, ii. 15.

---

MAN cannot of himself impart  
This privilege divine,  
Unto his own corrupted heart;  
The work, O Lord, is thine.

Nor can he unto others' sense  
That savour e'er make known,  
Unless thy Spirit first dispense  
Its virtue to his own.

He who another would invite  
The rose's sweets to share,  
Must, even though conceal'd from sight,  
A rose about him bear.

How can the blind expect to teach  
 The eye aright to see ?  
 Or how, in eloquence of speech,  
 The dumb instructors be ?

Nor can our unregenerate powers  
 That boon diffuse around,  
 Which Jesus first must render ours,  
 'Till we in Him are found.

Lord ! by thy Spirit, then, create  
 Our hearts in Him anew ;  
 Restore us from our fall'n estate,  
 Our souls with grace imbue.

'That so our spirits may give forth  
 His savour far and nigh,  
 Of life—in them who feel its worth ;  
 Of death—in them who die.



## A CHRISTIAN'S FREEDOM.

---

“Now the Lord is that Spirit : and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.”—2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

---

SEEK'ST thou freedom, far more glorious  
Than the hero ever found,  
When, in battle-field victorious,  
His the brow with laurel crown'd ?

Know—a Spirit, ever nigh thee,  
If His aid thou meekly crave,  
With that freedom would supply thee,  
Which no bondage can enslave.

Christ that Spirit still remaineth ;  
Liberty, which He would give,  
Earthly thralldom ne'er enchaineth.  
For in dungeons it can live.

Where his Spirit dwells—no token  
 Of earth's bondage can appal ;  
 Doors are open'd, chains are broken,—  
 Overthrown the prison wall.

These may, in the world's opinion,  
 Slavery's bitter doom fulfil ;  
 Christians, through their Lord's dominion,  
 Claim a glorious freedom still.

Freedom from each fatal error,  
 Freedom found and felt within ;  
 Freedom from the grave's dark terror ;  
 Freedom from the yoke of sin.

Where these are—oh, what are fetters,  
 Which the mortal body wears ?  
 What brief tyranny's abettors ?—  
 Objects of their love, and prayers !

## OUR TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

---

“But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”—2 Corinthians, iv. 7.

---

WERE it not thus, how soon might we  
 Humility and fear disown ;  
 And in Thy gifts our glory see,  
 When glory, Lord, is thine alone.

But Thou hast wisely seen it right,  
 In earthen vessels here to place  
 Thy own inshining gospel light,  
 The golden treasure of Thy grace.

That so each power's true excellence  
 May be of God, and not of man,  
 Humility to us dispense,  
 And magnify thy gospel's plan.

How gracious unto lost mankind,  
The love which bade a gem so rare,  
In such frail caskets be enshrined,  
Till thou shouldst worthier ones prepare.

These earthen vessels, late or soon,  
Shall in their native dust decay ;  
But thy imperishable boon  
Shall long outlive their transient day.

The Spirit, earth's ethereal guest,  
Whom thy inshining light hath led,  
No more in fleshly garments drest,  
Shall rise immortal from the dead.

And there, before Thy holy throne,  
Shall yet more worthily employ  
Those gifts, whose glory is thy own,  
In songs of praise, and grateful joy.

## A CAUTION AND PROMISE.

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“And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.”—Galatians, vi. 9.

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HE who would endless glory reap,  
Must *here* the word of patience keep;  
That word which gives the eye to see  
The glorious harvest yet to be.

The husbandman, his seed who sows,  
Must wait with patience while it grows;  
And he who would the oak uprear,  
Must cherish hope from year to year.

The architect who lays the while  
The basement of a lofty pile,  
By slow, laborious toil alone  
Can reach the turret's topmost stone.

Nor must the Christian hope too soon,  
 Faith's more sublime, immortal boon ;  
 None win by slight or brief emprise  
 The rich reversion of the skies.

Meek pilgrim Zion-ward ! if thou  
 Hast put thy hand unto the plough,  
 O look not back, nor droop dismay'd,  
 At thought of recompense delay'd.

Shall he, who more than worlds is wooing,  
 Faint and grow weary in well-doing,  
 Who, in his Lord's appointed time,  
 Through faith may gain a meed sublime ?

Doubt not that thou, in season due,  
 Shalt own his gracious promise true ;  
 And thou shalt share their glorious lot  
 Whom doing well hath wearied not.

## CHRISTIAN LOVE.

---

“And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.”—  
Ephesians, iv. 32.

---

LORD ! teach us more and more to feel,  
 All outward creeds and forms above,  
 That thy religion’s stamp, and seal  
 Is pure, pervading, pardoning love.

Not earthly passion’s ardent flame,  
 By bards in glowing numbers sung,  
 Whose brief, but thrilling transports claim  
 The aspirations of the young ;—

Nor e’en affection’s natural tie,  
 Of gentler feelings intertwin’d,  
 Which knits in tender sympathy  
 Heart unto heart ; and mind to mind :—

But that more deep devotedness,  
 Thy Spirit, Lord, alone can give;  
 Whose power none truly can express  
 But those who in it move, and live.

This is the love which suffers long;  
 Prompt to forgive, and to forget  
 Each unprovok'd injurious wrong,  
 Rememb'ring its own holier debt.

For *they* can never vengeance take,  
 Or, harshly, others' faults condemn,  
 Who feel that God, for Jesu's sake,  
 Hath lov'd, and freely pardon'd them.

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#### THE PEACE OF GOD.

---

"And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."—Philippians, iv. 7.

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THOSE who live in love, shall know  
 This indwelling quiet joy,  
 Which the world can ne'er bestow,  
 Nor its sorrows e'er destroy;  
 Peace, which passeth understanding:—  
 Peace of God's divine commanding.



Earthly hopes but bloom to fade ;  
 Earthly pleasures turn to pain ;  
 These, when in the balance weigh'd,  
 Lighter than its dust remain ;  
 And the peace that earth affordeth  
 Worthless is to him who hoardeth.

But the peace which God can give,  
 Heart and mind preserveth still ;  
 Teaching in his love to live,  
 Trust his word, and do his will :  
 From above this peace descendeth,—  
 Towards its source it ever tendeth.

You, who would this treasure share,  
 To the Saviour humbly go ;  
 Crave of Him, in rev'rent prayer,  
 What He only can bestow ;  
 Christ, who humble prayer rewardeth,  
 To His own this peace accordeth.

## A CHRISTIAN'S ASPIRATIONS.

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“If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above.”—“For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.”—Colossians, iii. 1 and 3.

---

ART thou risen with Christ?—Thy love  
Must such resurrection show;  
Seeking heavenly things above,  
Slighting those of earth below.

Where the heart its hopes has stor'd,  
Thither thought and feeling turn;  
Thy allegiance to thy Lord  
By this simple test discern.

If thy life be hid with Him,  
If thy soul to sin be dead,  
Earthly things to thee are dim,  
Heaven-ward purer hopes have fled.

Shouldst thou not this state have won,  
 With thy Lord thou art not risen ;  
 Still the work remains undone,  
 Earth is yet thy spirit's prison.

Is there aught too dear to give,  
 From such bondage to arise ?  
 Die ! if thou wouldst hope to live ;  
 Give up earth—to gain the skies.

By that death, thou shalt attain  
 Life unfelt, unknown before ;  
 By that sacrifice shalt gain  
 Treasure passing worldly store.

Thou shalt live by faith and love,—  
 Live in Him who died for thee ;  
 And, in hopes which soar above,  
 Richer far than Dives be.

And when Christ, thy Life and Light,  
 In His glory shall appear,  
 Thou, accepted in His sight,  
 Shalt confess a Saviour near.

## REJOICING AND PRAYER.

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“ Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing.”—1 Thessalonians,  
v. 16, 17.

---

How can we evermore rejoice,  
In sorrow, care, and toil ?  
Or ceaseless prayer uplift its voice  
Amid the world's turmoil !

Not of ourselves, can we command  
This joy's unfailing lot ;  
Nor can our hearts themselves expand  
In prayer which ceaseth not.

The power of faith, the aid of grace,  
The Spirit must prepare,  
Ere it can be the dwelling-place  
Of constant joy and prayer.

But when prepar'd by power divine,  
 The heart, though vile before,  
 Becomes of ceaseless prayer the shrine.  
 Rejoiceth evermore.

Not *from* itself that gladness flows,  
 For it may often ache ;  
 Yet, aching, can rejoice in woes  
 Endur'd for Jesu's sake.

Nor *in* itself, for one brief hour,  
 Dwells prayer's exhaustless gift,  
 The Saviour's name, the Spirit's power.  
 The soul must thus uplift.

Where these are known, nor grief, nor care,  
 Its hopes can e'er destroy ;  
 Its vital breath is humble prayer ;  
 Its life is grateful joy.

## AN APOSTOLIC ASPIRATION.

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“And the Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.”—2 Thessalonians, iii. 5.

---

LORD! teach our inward eye to see  
 The work must be by Thee begun;  
 Thy grace must guide to love of Thee,  
 And patient waiting for thy Son.

Though worthy of our love Thou art,  
 And Christ of patient waiting for;  
 The carnal, unregenerate heart,  
 That love, that waiting—must abhor.

Because its feelings, thoughts, and will,  
 At enmity with Thee remain;  
 And, in that enmity, must still  
 A lowly Saviour's yoke disdain.

But Thine the power to overthrow  
 Each hostile feeling, will, and thought,  
 And hearts, by Thee directed, know  
 These into meek subjection brought.

Oh, thus *direct*, and deal with ours !  
 Our spirits by thy grace prepare ;  
 And render man's regenerate powers  
 Worthy a Saviour's yoke to bear.

Beget within our hearts that love  
 For Thee—Thou only canst create ;  
 And, through thy Spirit from above,  
 Instruct us for thy Son to wait.



#### HONOUR AND GLORY TO GOD.

---

“ Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen.”—1 Timothy, i. 17.

---

KING of kings ! O teach us how  
 We before Thee ought to bow :  
 Not alone on bended knee,  
 Should we offer praise to Thee ;  
 May Thy grace to us impart,  
 Prostrate spirit, humbled heart.

King Eternal ! O prepare  
 Us eternity to share :  
 By thy Spirit's influence *here*,  
 Keep us in thy holy fear,  
 That, *hereafter*, ours may be  
 Bless'd eternity with Thee.

King Immortal ! through thy Son  
 Immortality is won :  
 Give us faith in Him, that we  
 Over death may victors be ;  
 And, accepted for His sake,  
 May to endless life awake.

King Invisible ! supply  
 Sight unto that inward eye,  
 Which should look on " things unseen,"  
 But by sin hath darken'd been ;  
 Thou canst cause the blind to see,  
 Ope that eye to look on Thee.

Lord of lords ! and King of kings !  
*Heaven's* high vault with praises rings ;  
 Should not man *on earth* proclaim  
 Honour, glory, to Thy name,  
 If, when he from earth shall sever,  
 These he would ascribe for ever ?



## A CHRISTIAN'S DEVOTEDNESS.

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“No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life, that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier.”  
—2 Timothy, ii. 4.

---

HE who would win a warrior's fame,  
Must shun, with ever watchful aim,  
Entangling things of life ;  
His couch the earth, heaven's arching dome  
His airy tent,—his only home  
The field of martial strife.

Unwearied by the battle's toil,  
Uncumber'd by the battle's spoil,  
No dangers must affright ;  
Nor rest seduce to slothful ease ;  
Intent alone his Chief to please,  
Who call'd him forth to fight.

Soldier of Christ, if thou wouldst be  
 Worthy that epithet, stand free  
     From time's encumb'ring things ;  
 Be earth's enthrallments fear'd, abhorr'd ;  
 Knowing thy Leader is the Lord,  
     Thy Chief the King of kings.

Still use, as not abusing, all  
 Which fetters worldlings by its thrall ;—  
     With fame, with power, with pelf,  
 With joy or grief, with hope or fear,  
 Whose origin and end are *here*,  
     Entangle not thyself.

These close enough will round thee cling,  
 Without thy tight'ning every string  
     Which binds them to thy heart :—  
 Despise them not ! this thankless were.  
 But, while partaking them, prepare  
     From each and all to part.

## CHRISTIAN PURITY.

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“Unto the pure all things are pure.”—Titus, i. 15.

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OH, for that purity of heart !  
The gospel only can impart  
To those who gratefully receive  
Its teachings, and its word believe.

This is the purity, whose power,  
In dark temptation's trying hour,  
Can still unchangeably endure,  
And pure itself, make all things pure.

Stainless appears the mountain's snow,  
Transparent seems the brook below ;  
'Taintless the opening flower,—the dew  
Which gems it—as unsullied too.

But rains soon dim the mountain hoar.  
The troubled stream runs clear no more,  
The flow'ret in the dust is soil'd,  
The dew-drop by the sun despoil'd.

Does purity adorn with grace  
The happy infant's smiling face?  
It does,—and cold their hearts must prove,  
Who look not on such face with love.

Yet mountain snows, and chrystal streams,  
And flowers which ope to morn's bright beams,  
And dew-drops—which those sun-beams dry,  
Are types of *nature's* purity.

While that which God alone can give,  
Life's shifting changes shall outlive,  
And give "the pure in heart," through grace,  
To see their Maker face to face.

## A CHRISTIAN'S PLEADING.

---

“Wherefore, though I might be much bold in Christ to enjoin thee that which is convenient, yet for love’s sake I rather beseech thee, being such an one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner of Jesus Christ.”—Philemon, 8 and 9.

---

STATESMEN have pleaded—for applause,  
 And some for sordid pelf;  
 The patriot—for his country’s cause;  
 The lover—for himself.

But statesman, patriot, lover—ne’er,  
 In passion, or pretence,  
 Appeal’d to heart, or eye, or ear,  
 With deeper eloquence,

Than these few simple words make known  
 To those who feel their force,  
 Whose eyes can see, whose hearts can own  
 Their pure and holy source.

What is that source ? A heart renew'd  
 By grace, from God above ;  
 With meekness, gentleness imbued,  
 And taught to win by love.

Which, govern'd not by studied rules  
 That human art may frame,—  
 Trusts not the rhet'ric of its schools,  
 But pleads a Saviour's name.

And, for His sake thus bound in chains,  
 With tenderness can greet,  
 Him whom it might *command*, but deigns  
 So mildly to entreat.

Oh ye ! who may aspire in thought,  
 To act the pleader's part,  
 Deign by a Christian to be taught  
 The way to touch the heart.

## THE REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL.

---

“There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God.”—  
Hebrews, iv. 9.

---

MEEK follower of a lowly Lord,  
Are trouble, fear, and sorrow, thine ?  
May humble faith to thee accord  
This promise of His word divine :  
For HIS a glorious rest remaineth,  
And stedfast faith that rest attaineth.

Art thou of holy grace a child ?  
This world thy rest can never be ;  
By sorrow marr'd, by sin defil'd,  
It is a home unworthy thee ;  
And thou shalt be by grace translated,  
Where peace and purity are mated.

But, oh, remember, those alone  
 His hallow'd rest shall enter in,  
 Whose hearts, *believing*, first disown  
 The pride of self, the power of sin :  
 If thou into His rest wouldst enter,  
 Faith must achieve this high adventure.

Faith in the Son of God—who gave  
 His sinless life to ransom thine ;  
 Faith in God's gracious will to save,  
 Faith in His Spirit's aid divine ;  
 Thine eye by faith that rest beholdeth,  
 And faith its entrance still unfoldeth.

Possessing this—thy soul shall be  
 Prepar'd with every ill to cope,  
 And Achor's valley prove to thee  
 The door of calm confiding hope ;  
 Of hope which—on a Saviour gròunded,  
 Though tried, can never be confounded.



## THE WISDOM FROM ABOVE.

---

“But the wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy, and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.”—James, iii. 17.

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HAST thou this wisdom from above,  
 Pure, gentle, peaceable, divine ?  
 Examine well thy faith and love,  
 And know if it indeed be thine.

Hath grace thy heart so purified,  
 That no unclean, unholy thing  
 Can there uncheck'd, unmourn'd abide,  
 To taint thought's deep and hidden spring ?

Peaceable, and at peace within ;  
 Gentle, and easy of access  
 To all intreaty—not of sin ;  
 And full of mercy, prompt to bless ;

Known by good fruits, faith's genuine test,  
Impartial, upright, and sincere ;  
If such in thee be manifest,  
The wisdom from above is near.

Such is its influence o'er the heart,  
Thus is its presence ever known ;  
But only God can these impart,  
And all their glory is his own.

Hast thou by grace this wisdom won ?  
Watch o'er thy thoughts, thy words, thy ways ;  
And, in the Spirit, through his Son,  
Give God the honour and the praise.

## THE TRANSITORY AND THE ENDURING.

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“For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away ; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever.”—1 Peter, i. 24, 25.

---

ALL flesh is but as grass !  
 Man's glory, like the flower of grass, must fade,  
 When clouds shall o'er it pass,  
 And veil its transient loveliness in shade.

Does this apply alone  
 To these material tenements of clay ?  
 Alas ! its truth is shown  
 In gifts and graces perishing as they.

Power, knowledge, fame, and wealth,  
 Are, in themselves, as insecure and frail  
 As comeliness, or health,  
 Which ere the morrow stern disease may quail.

Then boast not, worm of earth !  
 Even those gifts and graces of the mind,  
     Which claim a loftier birth  
 Than unto grosser matter seems assign'd.

The power of thought, of feeling,  
 Fancy, imagination,—trust them not ;  
     Howe'er to pride appealing,  
 All these may, with thy memory, be forgot.

If such *thy* glory are,  
 God can o'erthrow them in their zenith's pride,  
     And will their beauty mar,  
 Except His grace their use has sanctified !

His holy word, alone,  
 Remains unchang'd, and ever shall endure :  
     Himself the Corner-Stone  
 On which that hope is rear'd, which standeth sure.

## THE LAST DAY.

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“But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.”—2 Peter, iii. 10.

---

WHETHER this solemn day may come,  
 Ere time to us shall be no more,  
 To man all oracles are dumb,  
 Nor need we ignorance deplore.

Enough for us to know and feel,  
 When we our fleeting years have past,  
 A day must come—our lot to seal,  
 A day, an hour—to *us* THE LAST!

When outward heaven, and outward earth,  
 We must forego, with things of time;  
 And death must be the awful birth  
 Of an eternity sublime.

Prepare us, Lord, to meet that day,  
 Which, soon or late, we all must greet;  
 When we thy summons must obey,  
 And stand before thy judgment-seat.

So purify our hearts from sin,  
 That we may seek, nor seek in vain,  
 For brighter heavens, new earth—wherein  
 Thy glorious righteousness shall reign.

Where sun nor moon shall more display  
 Vicissitude of day or night,  
 But Thou wilt be our endless day,  
 The Lamb our everlasting light.



#### WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

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“But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.”—1 John, i. 7.

---

WALK in the light! So shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love,  
 His Spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light!—and sin, abhorr'd,  
 Shall ne'er defile again;  
 The blood of Jesus Christ, thy Lord,  
 Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly HIS,  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrin'd,  
 In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light!—and thou shalt own  
*Thy* darkness pass'd away,  
 Because that Light hath on thee shone  
 In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light!—and e'en the tomb  
 No fearful shade shall wear;  
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For CHRIST hath conquer'd there!

Walk in the light!—and thine shalt be  
 A path, though thorny, bright;  
 For GOD, by grace, shall dwell in Thee,  
 And GOD himself is LIGHT!

## THE GENUINE LOVE OF CHRIST.

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“And this is love, that we walk after his commandments.”—  
2 John, 6.

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THE surest proof of love, is not  
 Evinc'd by words alone ;  
 These may be utter'd, and forgot,  
 Yet love remain unknown.

The voice of heartless praise, or prayer,  
 The homage of the lip—  
 Can never to the Lord declare  
 Thy true discipleship.

Deep, deep within the heart must dwell  
 The love by Him preferr'd,  
 And there *obedience* must compel  
 To His most holy word.



To His most holy word—as it  
 In Scripture is unseal'd,  
 To His most righteous law, unwrit,  
 But in the heart reveal'd.

Be this, then, of thy love the test ;  
 Words may, like flowers, abound ;  
 But deeds, like fruit, shall manifest  
 The tree's true health is sound.

Thy hopes on no professions place,  
 But pray, with humble awe,  
 Thy life may show, through saving grace,  
 Obedience to His law.



#### THE TRUE SCHISMATICKS.



“These be they who separate themselves, sensual, having not the Spirit.”—Jude, 19.



LORD ! save us from presumption's sin,  
 Where such unhappily exists ;  
 Since here thy word hath shown wherein  
 The deadly guilt of schism consists.

No varying views of *outward rites*  
 Can for this imputation plead ;  
 He who for these a brother slights,  
 Is only outward in his creed.

The true schismatick is not one  
 Who may for conscience' sake withdraw ;  
 Those who would such seceder shun,  
 Have never learnt Love's holy law.

They only can deserve the name,  
 Whose lives and conversation show,  
 By proofs no candour can disclaim,  
 That they thy holy faith forego.

Who separate themselves from Thee,  
 Their sensual lusts to gratify ;  
 And, while refusing Thine to be,  
 The Spirit they have quench'd—deny.

This is the schism whose end is death !  
 Lord ! keep us in thy righteous way ;  
 That, built on thy most holy faith,  
 We in the Spirit still may pray :—

And kept by grace in stedfast love  
 Of Thee, may thy salvation own,  
 Looking for mercy from above,  
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord alone.

## A PRAYER AGAINST DECLENSION,

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“Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.”—Revelations, ii. 1.

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SAVIOUR! preserve within our hearts,  
 The memory of our spousal day,  
 Lest sin, by Satan’s specious arts,  
 Should steal our earlier love away.

That earlier love our spirits felt,  
 In visitation’s soft’ning hour,  
 Bidding our hearts before Thee melt,  
 Our tongues confess Thy praise and power.

When, lur’d from joys of time and sense,  
 Thou through the desert wast our Guide,  
 And gav’st us smiling gardens thence,  
 By Thee with living streams supplied,

The memory of those days renew  
    Within our souls by grace divine,  
Lest, to ourselves and Thee untrue,  
    Our fervid love tow'rd Thee decline.

If somewhat of its earlier zeal,  
    The world unhappily have reft,  
Thy power and love once more reveal,  
    To cherish that which still is left.

That we, by penitence sincere,  
    May pardon for our fall obtain;  
And, through Thy grace, in holy fear,  
    May do our former works again.

Lest Thou no longer shouldst reprove  
    In mercy, or in pity plead;  
But from its place our light remove,  
    And leave our spirits dark indeed.

## THE INVITATION.

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“And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the waters of life freely.”—Revelations, xii. 17.

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HATH the invitation ended ?

Is the voice of mercy dumb ?

Still the message is extended ;

Still the call is—“ Freely come !”

Still with sinners Jesus pleadeth

In compassion’s gentlest tones ;

Still the Spirit intercedeth

With unutterable groans.

Still the Bride, the Church—would gather

Every wanderer to her fold ;

Still the Everlasting Father

Would with love each child behold.

Still the fount is freely flowing,  
Christ hath open'd to redeem ;  
Endless life on all bestowing,  
Who partake its living stream.

Then let each who truly thirsteth,  
Freely to that fount repair ;  
And—while yet its tide out bursteth,  
Drink, and grow immortal there.

While, by him whose ear is greeted  
With the gospel's joyful sound,  
Be a Saviour's name repeated,  
'Till it circle earth around.

'Till, the diapason swelling,  
Countless hosts in songs of praise,  
Their Redeemer's triumphs telling,  
Grateful halleluias raise !

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

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“After this manner therefore pray ye.”—Matthew, vi. 9.

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FATHER of all ! who dwell'st above,  
Thy name be hallowed here ;  
As in those realms of peace and love,  
Where saints that name revere.

Thy kingdom come ; Thy will, alone,  
Be done by man below ;  
As spirits round thy glorious throne,  
Their pure obedience show.

Give us this day our daily bread ;—  
Not merely outward food,  
But that whereon the soul is fed,  
The source of heavenly good.

Forgive our trespasses, as we  
In pardoning love abide ;  
Since none forgiveness win from Thee,  
Who pardon have denied.

And lead us from temptation far ;  
From evil, Lord ! restore ;  
For Thine the power, the kingdom are,  
The glory evermore !

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THE END.

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